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Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 209.—Vol. XVI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, December 4, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

THE FATAL MOTOR ACCIDENT TO GENERAL SIR HENRY COLVILE

The late General and Lady Colvile on their motor. A photograph taken shortly before the tragedy

No. 209.—Vol. XVI.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"Popular Bridge Player." By "Cut Cavendish." (*Hereford Times*: 1*s.*)
"Silas Marner." By George Eliot. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)
"Keats' Poetical Works." The Globe Edition. (Macmillan: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"Napoleon (Our Last Great Man)." By Elystan M. Beardsley. (Sisleys: 5*s.* net.)
"Mrs. Maclean." By John Dalison Hyde. (Sisleys: 6*s.*)
"Vignettes of the Regency." By William Toynbee. (Ambrose: 6*s.* net.)
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"Brummell." By Cosmo Hamilton. (Long: 6*s.*)
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"Feeding the Mind." By Lewis Carroll. (Chatto and Windus: 1*s.* net.)
"Un Petit Vieux Bien Propre." By "Willy." (Bibliothéque des Auteurs Modernes: 3 fr. 50.)
"The Little City of Hope." By F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

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Signature.....

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday December 4, 1907

Advocates of the re-afforestation of England have been much encouraged during the last few days. Both the oak and the cedar, which the Kaiser planted, are doing nicely.

* * *

During the same period, our much-maligned weather has established quite a fine reputation. Owing to it—says a contemporary—"The Kaiser has entirely lost that sallow look." The roses in the cheeks of the Swazi representatives also deserve a passing mention.

* * *

It is a pity, but the sixty-one Mormon missionaries who have arrived in London from Utah have not timed their visit happily. Here the æsthetic movement is over, and it is no longer fashionable to be "too utterly Utah."

* * *

President Roosevelt's action in tossing coins to decide who should receive political appointments in South Dakota has not met with universal approval. Reactionaries even declare that the posts were often just as reliably filled by the older method of paying them.

* * *

Chaffinches are *chic* birds. "Owing to their capacity for high speed," says the writer of "Nature Notes" in the *Daily Graphic*, "and their disinclination to be hampered by the society and care of their wives and families, the males nearly always travel apart." Quite *dans le mouvement*, in fact.

* * *

Three million German domestic servants are to be organised into a Trade Union, and fixed hours are to be one of the things they will strike for. Fixed minimum wages are another. There is a lot to be said for fixing things, so long as these do not include the number of young men they are at liberty to entertain.

* * *

"An excellent device for trapping burglars," says the *Daily Mail*, "may be arranged with nothing more elaborate than a reel of cotton. A thread is tied knee-high across each of the entrances to the premises, and, should a constable find one of the pieces of cotton broken, he knows at once that someone has entered." The burglar has still to be caught, of course, but the police should be grateful for this hint. We append one or two others:—

(1) Removing the paving-stones in front of a suspected house, dig out the earth beneath, and construct an elephant-trap in the hole thus made. Anyone trying to enter the house in the dark will fall into this and may be arrested. Genuine householders should be released on furnishing their names and addresses, and prosecuted later for using bad language.

(2) Enter the house yourself, and sprinkle the floors and walls of all the rooms with bird-lime. The prints thus obtained will be invaluable, and may lead to the capture of a black-beetle.

(3) Barricade both ends of a suspected street, so that no one can enter it. This is the surest way of preventing a burglary; and prevention, remember, is often better than cure. Residents, in this case, should be warned that by attempting to break out or in they render themselves liable to a very serious charge.

Exceptionally Dense

MR. BINKS (*more than usually shortsighted after attending a friendly gathering*): "Blesh my soul! Worsh fog I ever 'member. Positively coming down in lumps!"

(BY DUDLEY BUXTON)

* * *

Messrs. Gamage continued their business as usual on the morrow of the great fire at their Holborn premises.

Damage
Gamage?
Fire?
Liar!

THE LATEST OF ALL THE
CHRISTMAS NUMBERS
IS THAT OF
"THE BYSTANDER"

Incidentally, it is probably about the best, for it is really remarkably bright and interesting; it has pages and pages of light and airy gossip; a fine selection of whimsical jokes; the usual features; a Special Colour Supplement; Timely Short Stories by Well-known Authors.

Out Next Tuesday: 100 Pages. Usual Price—Sixpence

RACING NOTIONS

KEMPTON AND SANDOWN. BY CARBINE

Steeplechasing in the Gloom

It wasn't exactly black with fog at Kempton Park for the meeting on Friday and Saturday, but the mist hung over the low-lying ground so heavily that one's view of the racing was very limited. You said "Good-bye" to the horses as they jumped the fence round the first bend, and then you waited with as much comfort as you could find while they were battling it out on the far side of the course. Who was leading or who was falling you did not know. The only thing to do was to be patient, and count the horses when they were once more in view. Suddenly the cry goes up, "Here they come!" and all glasses are levelled on an impenetrable wall of gloom. Gradually you see spectral forms weirdly appearing; at first the colours cannot be distinguished, but when the last obstacle is jumped can you tell which are "in it"? You should if you happen to find the colours which you are interested in, for this is all the excitement you will get out of the race. You have one moment of glorious tension as they rise at the final jump and struggle for the mastery on the flat. Then the winning-post is soon reached, and all that remains is to "draw" or pay, most frequently the latter at this early stage of the season. Such is steeplechasing in the gloom, and I think the company assembled at Kempton voted it very poor sport.

Winners Hard to Find at Kempton

More especially so as winners were very hard to find, and those who think it the best plan to "follow the money" were frequently led astray. Take Saturday's card for example. In the first race one was told that Cynique was the best thing, and he gave his supporters a very fair run for their money; but there was one too good for him in New Moon II., whose lighter weight, when it came to racing on the flat, just turned the scale. The three-year-olds in the next race were looked upon as being dangerous to meddle with, but Mistake II. had been seen out before to some advantage, and was accordingly best fancied. But Mr. Horatio Bottomley, always formidable at these meetings, was to be reckoned with, winning with a rank outsider, Dancing Girl. "Thank Goodness," exclaimed punters, when the numbers for the next race went up, "we have some good-class horses at last." And really it was quite pleasant to see such capital jumpers as Oatlands, Roman Law, Judas, Denmark, and Flutterer. The last-named simply cantered away with the race. The greatest blow of all was when Do Be Quick was beaten. Many plunged on this good mare in the hope of "getting it all back!" Who should beat her but old Timothy Titus, who came out as fresh as a four-year-old after the summer's rest.

Selections for Sandown

Altogether, then, it can be guessed that it was not a pleasant time for backers at Kempton, but "hope springs eternal," and we shall all be bent on "spotting 'em" at Sandown Park this week. Somehow, Sandown always seems to provide better jumping than most meetings around London, and there looks like being some capital racing on Friday and Saturday. On the first day it will be interesting to see Queen's Cup, Sandboy, and Venetian, who finished in that order at Kempton, meet again, and good jumpers like Simonson and Amersham head the handicap. My selection is **Sandboy.** The chief event of the week comes on the second day, when some of the smartest jumpers in training will meet in the Sandown Steeplechase. There cannot be much between Old Fairyhouse, Seisdon Prince, Nanoya, Ross, Dathi, and one or two of the others, but the victory should rest with **Ross** if he is still the clinking performer that he was last season. In the Milburn Hurdle Race I think **Nulli Secundus** will give us the opportunity—unfortunately so rare nowadays—of cheering a Royal success. **Ante** for the Juvenile Hurdle Race is my only selection at the Gatwick Meeting.

Jockeys' Arrangements for 1908

No sooner is one flat-racing season dead than we begin to think about the next, and it will interest many to know what arrangements the leading jockeys are making for 1908. It is known that Madden will not be riding any more for Alec Taylor's stable, and his successor will be Trigg, for whom this is a fine appointment. It cannot be said that Trigg is one of the most polished horsemen on the Turf, but his style improves every season; and one good thing about him is that he is not so fond of cutting things unnecessarily fine at the finish as some of our crack riders are. Danny Maher's connection with Lord Derby and the Stanley House stable has been such a happy one that it is not surprising to learn that he will again be their first jockey. Several owners have offered big sums for second call on his services, but Maher refuses to bind himself down. Higgs has fixed up an arrangement again with Mr. J. C. Sullivan and the Beckhampton stable, and Halsey and Dillon will ride for the same people as they did during the past season. An interesting retainer is that which Mr. W. Hall Walker gives to the Australian jockey, Hewitt, who thus will get an excellent chance of distinguishing himself in this country.

A Contradiction

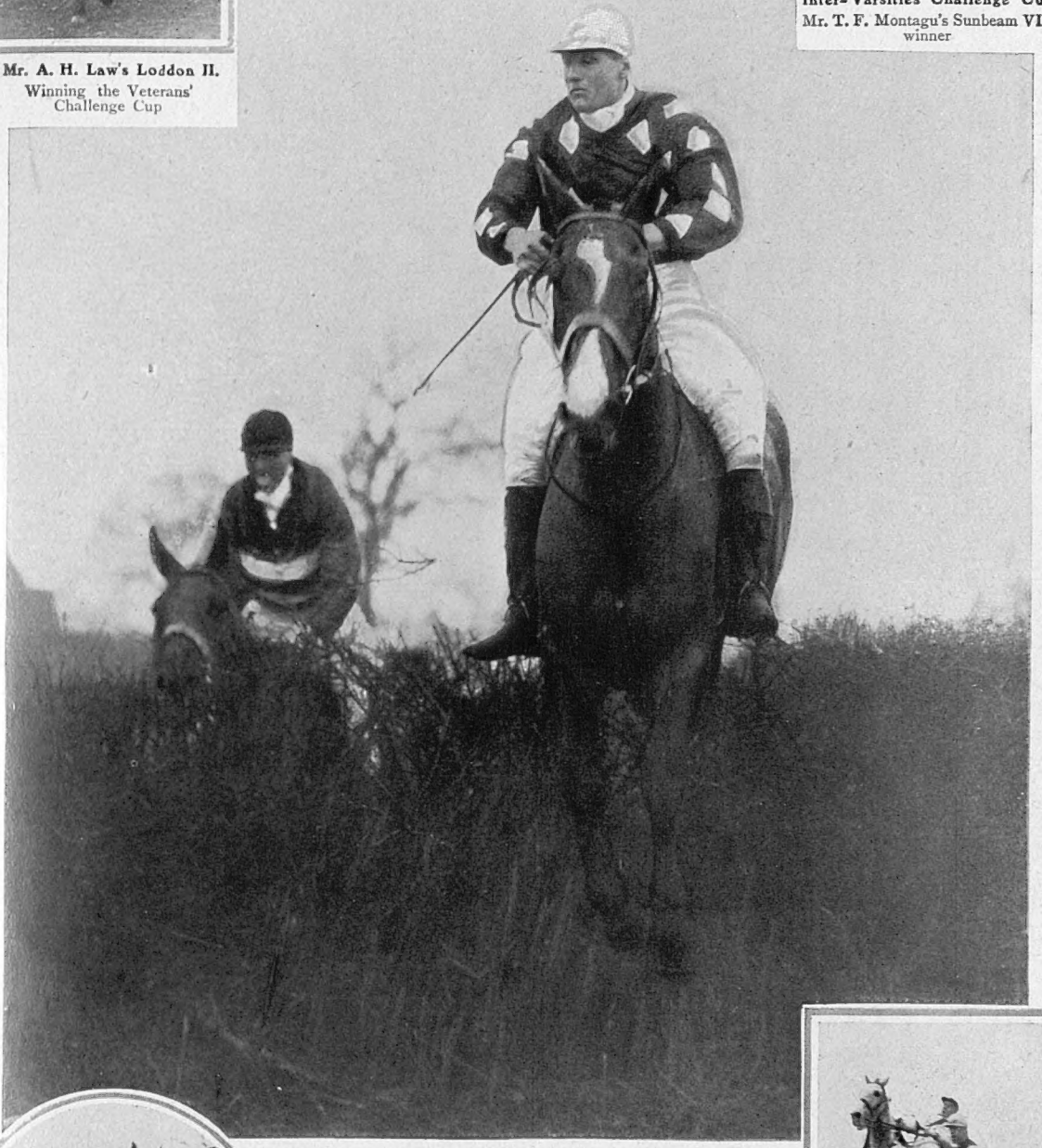
In our issue of November 20 we published a photograph of Miss Zena Dare, against whom it was alleged that she was engaged to a certain well-known nobleman. We are requested by her father, Mr. Arthur Dones, to give publicity to the fact that the report is totally without foundation, and, as we have been informed that it has caused Miss Zena Dare some disquietude, we are glad to have the opportunity of contradicting it herewith.

Cambridge 'Varsity Steeplechase

SNAPSHOTS AT COTTENHAM

Mr. A. H. Law's Loddon II.
Winning the Veterans' Challenge Cup

Inter-'Varsities Challenge Cup
Mr. T. F. Montagu's Sunbeam VI., winner



The Cambridge 'Varsity Steeplechase at Cottenham: Veterans' Challenge Cup
Mr. R. W. W. Burton's Steamer leading. The winner was Mr. A. H. Law's Loddon II.

Baron Veltheim
After falling from his horse, Amber, in the Inter-'Varsities Challenge Cup

Nearly an Accident
A collision in mid-air between four horses at the water jump

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

There was a large attendance at the opening steeplechase of the Light Blues held last Wednesday at Cottenham. The weather cleared in time for the racing, but owing to the recent downpour, the ground was soft and heavy. Though, as our photographs show, there were one or two mishaps, none of them, happily, proved serious. In fact, considering the state of the course, the meeting was singularly free from unfortunate occurrences

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Court

In honour of the celebration of the birthday of H.M. the Queen last Sunday, a small week-end party was entertained at Sandringham. In addition to the members of the Royal family, among whom were the King and Queen of Norway and the Crown Prince Olaf, several guests were invited. They included the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, the Marquis de Soveral (who enjoys the revived position of Court Jester, and is regarded with much favour by the ladies of Queen Alexandra's Court), the Earl and Countess of Derby, and the Earl and Countess De Grey, the latter an old and valued friend of the Queen's, and one whose ability in the evenings to "give us a little music" is highly appreciated at Sandringham. The King will come to London on Monday to pay his usual visit to the Cattle Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall, and will visit Lord Burnham at Hall Barn one day in the week following for a day's shooting over his lordship's fine preserves. The Queen, except for a brief visit to the Metropolis on shopping intent, will remain with her daughters at Sandringham until the New Year.

C.B.'s Retreat

The convalescent Premier snapshotted at Charing Cross Railway Station on his way to Biarritz (pausing awhile . in Paris)

Rest-Cures "De Rigueur"

Rest-cures are always rather fashionable, being as a rule quite beyond the reach of any but the very leisured classes, often very convenient, and now more than ever "the thing." The Kaiser's example has been quickly followed by the Premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who has gone to Biarritz to lay up health and strength with which to tackle the arduous Parliamentary months which lie before him. Any number of lesser lights (most of them, I am told, husbands), and all, of course, of the unemployed variety, have, with startling unanimity, suddenly declared themselves in urgent need of a rest-cure, and have departed for some quiet retreat, preferably one with a Casino, the best motor and a kindred soul or two in willing tow.

* * *

The Work of a Prime Minister

It is, I suppose, one of the disadvantages of an advanced civilisation that, owing to the strenuous

NEXT TUESDAY—OUR XMAS NUMBER
100 Pages. Price 6d.
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Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

THE KAISER'S REST-CURE

His Majesty (in the centre, in Inverness cloak) having planted a young oak in the grounds of Highcliffe, smilingly called to the young Misses Stuart-Wortley to "come along and finish the job." They are above seen doing so, the Kaiser walking towards his motor-car, *en route* for Wilton House

Properly British

THE KAISER'S SUNDAY WALK TO HIGHCLIFFE CHURCH

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

HIS MAJESTY WALKING THROUGH THE GROUNDS (WITH COLONEL STUART-WORTLEY)

The Emperor has, during his stay at Highcliffe, been seen walking as well as motoring. His Sunday walk to church, through the pretty Ilex Avenue, was greeted by the respectful salutations of the parishioners. When at Potsdam, it is the invariable custom of the Kaiser and his family to walk, not drive, to church. The Imperial costume is, as will be seen, rigidly "respectable"—the Inverness cloak being, perhaps, from the strictly fashionable stand-point, somewhat reminiscent

Hull Loyal to the House of Wilson

struggle for existence and place, the "plums" of office, the greatest and most arduous positions in the Empire, must go to men who, at the same age in other spheres, would be sitting at home by the fireside preparing their souls for another and a better world.

* * *

The Two Sir Alfreds

Owing to one of those awkward accidents, which will happen in the best-regulated of illustrated papers, the photograph in our issue of November 27 of Sir Alfred Cooper was not, as was stated in the underline, that of the well-known Chairman of Ridgways, Ltd., the tenant of Highcliffe Castle, but that of the eminent surgeon of the same name and title, the late President of the R.C.S., who resides in the summer at Whiting Bay, Arran, and is married to Lady Agnes Duff, daughter of the fifth Earl of Fife. This Sir Alfred was knighted in 1902; his namesake, the previous year. The Sir Alfred Cooper of Ridgways' is not, however, unconnected with surgery himself, for, as I stated, it was as a reward for his services in connection with the hospital for wounded soldiers during the Boer War that he received his own knighthood.

* * *

Spanish Royal Movements

The King and Queen of Spain, who leave England this week, leave golden opinions behind them, and, it is fairly certain, take some away, too. The Queen, though somewhat of the buxom type of beauty, carries herself so perfectly and holds her chin at the queenliest of angles. Her colouring is more lovely than ever, her hair more brightly gold, and the massed turquoises she constantly wears accentuate both. Unlike the ladies of the English Royal family, she rather likes to dress in Royal fashion, and at Windsor her velvet and ermine and plumes were a great contrast to the severity of the gowns of her English relations. King Alfonso, everyone agrees, is "delightful." In order not quite to neglect the serious side of affairs, he spent exactly three minutes at the South Kensington Museum last week, but much

Photo Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street

Miss Shouts, the Latest Fair American Engaged to a Duke

Miss Theodora Shouts, daughter of Mr. Theodore Shouts, Chairman of the N.Y. Interborough and Metropolitan New York Railway, whose engagement is just announced to the Duc de Chaulnes

The Liberal Victory at Hull

Lady Chesterfield (sister of the successful candidate, the Hon. Guy Wilson) canvassing in the Liberal interest

Photo Elliott and Fry

The Late Lord Battersea

longer at tea next day, with his wife, at Rumpelmayers'. He talks continuously, and with astonishing rapidity. He speaks French with most people — including his wife —but German with his mother-in-law.

* * *

A Wilson for Hull

In a personal sense, nobody will be found to object to the success of handsome young Mr. Guy Wilson in the Hull Election. It may, or may not, be fair to acclaim this as a "victory for Free Trade." The thing to rejoice over is that Socialism is, this time, at the bottom, not the top of the poll. "Wilson for Hull," cried the Liberals; and Hull has agreed. After all, to a large extent, Wilson *is* Hull; and Hull *is* Wilson. Only the most dogged of partisans could wish for a rift in so idyllic a lute.

* * *

The Waste of "Waste"

So *Waste* has been performed, Mr. Redford notwithstanding (though I am by no means sure that I did not catch sight of him in a distant stall at the Imperial on the night I was myself there). Our dramatic representative does the critical honours to the piece, and our artist pays it the tribute of the pen, elsewhere in the paper. Enough is now known of the piece to make the general public ask, rather furiously, why it should be prohibited from seeing it and judging for itself whether or not it ought to have gone. It is clear that here Mr. Granville Barker has tackled a problem of deep significance: a problem that, every decade, confronts us in public life—whether a man's moral lapses should disqualify him in his pubic capacity. Sometimes it is a politician; sometimes a poet-dramatist; sometimes an artist; sometimes a great singer, that is found trespassing from the strict paths. The question is contantly arising whether his public mission should thereby be imperilled. Mr. Barker's offence is, apparently, that in his play he indicates rather too realistically the nature of the offence and the manner of its committal. Therefore, the B. P. mustn't see!

The Gamage Damage

ABLAZE TUESDAY—"BUSINESS AS USUAL" WEDNESDAY

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Who Says Britons are Unenterprising?

A view of Gamage's shop, in Holborn, after the fire, when damage to the extent of £30,000 was done

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

"Business as Usual"

The next day, as usual, the shop was open, and business proceeded merrily. We don't know if £30,000 worth of business was done, but with such enterprising management it is quite possible

Interested Parties in the Druce Case

And with natural indignation it asks, why not? Because the theatre is open to all, and there may be in the audience some who would suffer moral damage by it! But the kind of person who would, knowing as he should the theme of the play, take an impressionable young person to see it is the person to be "censored," not the poor dramatist. And I may as well add that anyone who would take a young person to the theatre to poison its mind—wouldn't. It could be done at home, far more effectually, and at much less expense.

* * *

The Druce Case Smile

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O, what were man?—a world without a sun

If only to see the smile, the beaming, confiding, knowing, and-you-know-too smile, which Mrs. Hamilton, the new Druce case witness, bestowed upon Mr. Plowden, and the equally knowing smile Mr. Plowden bestowed in return, it was well worth while spending six or seven hours in Clerkenwell Police Court last Wednesday. A very battery of rippling smiles the old lady turned upon him—she wasted but few on mere counsel—and most delicious, humorous, inviting smiles they were. The learned magistrate took them all in with, at any rate, outward calm. He is, of course, so used (since the Druce case became so fashionable) to a perpetual feast of such nectared sweets, that his placidity was perhaps not surprising; to a man less highly favoured they might have proved almost embarrassing.

* * *

The New Witness

Mrs. Madge Hamilton, who is now known to be the mysterious, veiled lady of an earlier portion of the case, was a god-daughter of the fourth Duke of Portland. She is connected with the Scotts of Ayrshire, one of whom, the daughter of General Scott, a great heiress, married the fourth Duke. Under the gentle prompting of Mr. Jones's "learned junior," she started giving evidence, in a clear, silvery voice, in a manner at once direct, delightful, and garrulous. In tones that implied a final and irrevocable settlement of all doubts on the question, she declared Mr. Druce and the Duke of Portland to be one and the same man. "Of course he was," she flashed; "he had lots of wigs and false beards and false eyebrows, and I used to steal them from his pockets and hide them." A more complete contrast to the preceding witness, Miss Robinson, it is impossible to imagine. Where Miss Robinson was dull and vague, seemingly quite dazed, in fact, Mrs. Hamilton, though some twenty odd years her senior, was bright, alert, and very much to the point. She is a pretty old lady, white-haired and very fragile-looking, and one was hardly surprised at her smilingly made assertion that the late Duke threatened more than once to marry his "little cousin." She stood all through the long afternoon, declaring that she preferred to do so.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Lord Howard de Walden

Entertaining a shooting party at Audley End. His lordship is watching the Druce claim with almost as deep a personal interest as the Duke of Portland himself

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Mrs. Hamilton, the Newest Druce Case "Sensation"

Mrs. Hamilton's evidence startled the Court hardly less than that of Mr. Caldwell and Miss Robinson. She made very decisive statements as to the Duke's identity with Mr. Druce

* * *

The Duchess of Portland

Entertaining and being entertained are not at all in the Duchess of Portland's "line." Her Grace leaves both to her less highly placed sisters. During the recent visit to England of the young Queen of Spain, however—her Majesty's partiality for the good-natured, high-spirited Duchess being well known—the Duchess (formerly Miss Dallas Yorke) has had, willingly or unwillingly, both to entertain and to be entertained. From scarcely any function graced by Queen Victoria has the Duchess been absent, and at all of them she has been in great good looks and beautiful clothes. The magnificent ermine cloak she wore at the Welbeck ball she had herself discovered locked away in an old chest in the Abbey. It had been placed there two hundred years ago, but so carefully was it wrapped up that it was in perfect preservation. The Druce developments do not, it seems, in the least weigh on her. On the Duke, however, they are said to be beginning to take some effect. He jokes no longer on the subject, and, indeed, neither discusses it himself nor allows others to do so in his presence. By the way, I am surprised that no one in the Courts has yet mentioned that on the Welbeck estate there is still a covert known as the Druce Covert, though, of course, I don't draw any "inference" therefrom.

The Debatable Duchy

A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Her Grace opened the bazaar on Tuesday at the Hyde Park Hotel in aid of the East London Hospital for Children. This is the first sitting of the Duchess given for many years, and was especially granted to the Graphic Photo Union. It is of particular interest at the moment when the Portland Dukedom is so much in the public eye in connection with the Druce litigation

A 'Varsity Mock Funeral

Photo *Cole*

"Ragging" at Oxford: A mock funeral of a rusticated Balliol Undergraduate

The latest Oxford "rag" was the mock funeral of a popular Balliol man sent down for some minor misdemeanour. The procession consisted of fifteen cabs, the drivers' whips having black ribbon, and the occupants of the cabs being in deep mourning. The procession was headed by a band, which played them through the principal streets. At the station, the "corpse" was resuscitated and made a pathetic speech, thanking his mourners for their tearful tribute

The Ragging Wave

"Rags," declared an enthusiastic 'Varsity exponent of the art to me the other day, "rags are mostly made by crowds and proctors." There is at least a modicum of truth in his remark. Without a crowd a rag is often but a saddening thing. Without proctors it would lose those delights of mystery and mischief which constitute three parts of their charm. Man, especially youthful, college-keeping man, is an imitative animal. Initiative, even in rags, is not his strong point. Imitation is. Half a dozen men plan a rag—a man has been sent down, there is a twenty-firster at Univ., or it is just the Fifth—a rumour runs that some fun is afoot, and both town and gown turn out to see it. Inspired, intoxicated by publicity, the aforesaid half-dozen originators, who, alone, could be cowed and sent home to peaceful by-by by a single policeman, become avowed, if slightly Bacchic, leaders of men. Admirers flock to their banner, there is at once a crowd and a "binge"—and a healthy rag is in full progress.

* * *

A Fashion in Rags

There is, it seems, a fashion in rags. For months, sometimes for whole terms, the ragging habit lies quiescent. Then, one after another, a whole series runs through the academic world. Of late, this foolish ragging-wave has swept not only the time-honoured homes of such delights—the older Universities, Oxford and Cambridge—but also the minor seats of learning—London, Aberystwith, Birmingham. The latest, which comes from Oxford, is, perhaps, the most amusing and least troublesome. A well-known undergraduate (of Balliol, I believe) was ordered to be "sent down." His "sending down," which means that he may not be seen within the gates of Alma Mater for the rest of the term, was observed with all the customary rites. A funeral procession was formed, and this, at the slowest pace, went from the College to the railway station. The procession consisted of an outrider in the guise of a proctor on a donkey; an advance guard of five men on horseback, also in proctorial dress; and a heavily laden coach, with six horses and postillions. Fifteen cabs brought up a dignified rear. At the station the "corpse," being resuscitated, awoke to vigorous life, and made a speech which reduced his many "mourners" to a state of more than usually hilarious hilarity.

Photo *Haftones, Ltd.*

A Ducal Mayor: The Duke of Marlborough as Mayor of Woodstock

(*Left to right*) Alderman Haynes, Alderman Whittock, Mr. J. J. Banbury, J.P. (Town Clerk), Duke of Marlborough, Mr. John Banbury (ex-Mayor). Mr. A. B. Honey, J.P. The Mace-Bearer is standing. The Duke has received the honour of being elected Mayor of the ancient borough of Woodstock, with which the Churchill family has been so conspicuously associated

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A Ducal Mayor

The Duke of Marlborough, who has just been installed Mayor of Woodstock, was playing to perfection the other day, at the wedding of his cousin, Lady Evelyn Innes-Ker with Major Collins, the part of

The Wordy War Against Socialism

The Wordy War Against Socialism: A platform duel at Hammersmith

The feature of the day in the political world (next to the Suffragette riots) is platform duelling between representatives of Socialism and Individualism. These have been in vogue all over the country, the Socialist gladiator finding himself faced, in turn, by both Liberal and Conservative antagonists. A large audience recently assembled at the Hammersmith Town Hall to hear the duel between Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P. (Soc.), and Sir William Bull, M.P. (C.). It was generally admitted that, from the debating standpoint, Mr. Snowden had by far the best of it

fond, lone parent. He brought his two sons, Lord Blandford, nearly as tall as his father, in an Eton suit, and Lord Ivor Churchill, a small boy who came with his nurse to act the part of page. The Duke, throughout the service, kept a watchful eye on his small son, followed the pack of tiny maids and men into the vestry, and tucked him into a cab *en route* for Woodstock immediately after the ceremony. At Woodstock, everyone is pleased to have the Duke at the head of Civic affairs. His seat, Blenheim Palace, now closed to the Duchess, is within that Royal manor of Woodstock which was settled inalienably upon John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and his heirs, a manor which his descendants still hold by presenting at Windsor, on each Blenheim anniversary, a banner of the *fleur de lys* of France. For some time in Woodstock, owing to the much-discussed domestic difficulties of the Duke, it has been feared that the house of Spencer-Churchill would cease to grace that interesting borough. But the Duke, since the open rupture with his Duchess, has been more often than ever before resident in the great palace which American dollars have made habitable. His acceptance, too, at very short notice, of the mayoralty of Woodstock would seem to confirm his intention of making the place his chief home in future.

* * *

"Winston" at Mombasa

The Duke of Marlborough was, it will be remembered, Under-Secretary for the Colonies in the late Unionist Government, a post in which he was succeeded by his cousin, Mr. Winston Churchill. And Mr. Churchill, it is rumoured, is to follow the example of the head of his family in allying himself with wealth. "Winston must marry money," declared a mutual friend the other day, breaking in upon a conversation in which the distinguished politician's name was coupled with that of a young and charming actress, who is even better known in social than in stage circles. "His mother," went on our informant, "is always sampling American beauties for him." Well, it is to be hoped Mr. Churchill will be discreet. Budding great men bud sooner and prove greater, as everyone knows, when there is no lack of monetary assistance. In the world of high politics the expense is great. Undollared love is, therefore, a luxury difficult to indulge in.

* * *

Socialism Under Debate

The discussion of Socialism, it is obvious, calls into play the keenest of arguments and the sharpest of wits. Like religion and politics, the subject cannot, as a rule, be discussed entirely amicably. At a recent debate thereon, however, although it resulted in the wholesale routing of the unbeliever, it is yet to be remarked that amiability reigned supreme. On the fierce field of friendly argument last week, in

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

"Winston" on Tour: Mr. Churchill greets the officials at Mombasa. (No lions were bagged)

An Award and an Appointment

Hammersmith, Sir William Bull, M.P., met Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., and the question discussed was "Whether Socialism is practicable and would benefit the nation." The Mayor, who presided, disarmed the combatants by describing the meeting as a sporting event—one which the audience, he hoped, would treat as sportsmen—and declared it to be his firm opinion that nothing that might be said would affect the views of any body present. After that, of course, it was impossible to get warm, much less heated. Mr. Snowden, however, who defined Socialism as

> the organisation of industry by Society and the social ownership of the land and the means of production; the instruments of production to be controlled by Society for the purpose of producing things needed for social use,

at least proved that to discuss Socialism on its merits with a keen and brilliant Socialist, such as himself, requires a rather more trenchant polemical attitude than that assumed by the esteemed Sir William Bull. Could, for instance, Mr. Bernard Shaw be induced to take up the case for Anti-Socialism, and argue it, at a public meeting, against himself; well, that would be grand. And how he would enjoy meeting so worthy and intelligent an antagonist.

Photo *Kate Pragnell*

Sir William Crookes

Rumoured to be the Nobel Prize Winner for Chemistry

* * *

Lord and Lady Lanesborough

Lord Lanesborough, who has been appointed Military Secretary to the Duke of Connaught in Malta, is still well on the sunniest side of fifty. Last winter he commanded the Grenadier Guards in Egypt, and both he and his wife come of hard, fighting stock. Lady Lanesborough is the daughter of that distinguished soldier the late General Tombs, who won the V.C. before Delhi, and the granddaughter of Admiral Sir James Stirling. Lord Lanesborough, whose work, he confesses, does rather interfere with his favourite pastime of hunting, has two seats, one in Leicestershire and another in County Cavan. The first Lord Lanesborough was Colonel of the Battle-Axe Guards and had no fewer than twenty-three children, all by the same Lady Lanesborough. The present Earl and his wife are of a social turn of mind, and this, in Malta, will doubtless render them as popular as in Egypt.

* * *

The Nobel Prize

Professor Sir William Crookes, the discoverer of thalium and the inventor of numerous devices for showing the effects of radium and other elements, has, it is rumoured, been designated as the winner of the Nobel Prize for chemistry, worth £7,800. It was Sir William Crookes, it will be remembered, who, in his Presidential Address to the British Association in 1898, announced the awful proposition that the wheat supply of the world could not be relied upon as a permanent source of subsistence, as wheat-eaters multiply faster than the wheat-producing area. Sir William, who is seventy-five, is (if the award be confirmed) the sixth English winner of the Nobel Prize. Others

Photos *Thomson*

LORD AND LADY LANESBOROUGH

His lordship has been appointed Military Secretary to the Duke of Connaught in Malta

A Type of Russian Beauty

Photo *Lafayette*

THE COUNTESS ORLOFF DAVIDOFF

Daughter of M. de Staal, sometime Russian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. The Countess is a regular visitor to London during the Season

The New Jaggers: "Sandwichettes"

are Major Ross (for the study of malaria and mosquitoes), Sir Randall Cremer, M.P. (advocacy of peace), Lord Rayleigh and Professor Thomson (physics), and Sir William Ramsay (chemistry).

* * *

The Manner of its Award

Great dissatisfaction is being universally expressed as to the manner of the distri ution of the Nobel Prize. It seems that the terms of Nobel's will have been ignored in the letter and in the spirit. The awards, Nobel specified, should be given annually to those persons who shall have contributed most materially to the benefit of mankind during the year *immediately preceding*. On no occasion have the prizes been given for work done during the preceding year. It may be said, of course, that there have been barren years. Yet it was Nobel's avowed object so to stimulate research that barren years should be well-nigh impossible. He wished also, it is believed, to encourage the younger investigators. Yet six of the twenty-eight recipients of the Nobel Prizes are dead, three of them having died of sheer old age.

Another Jaggers

William Bevan, the District Messenger, who was despatched the other night, at a few minutes' notice, to Berlin, where he delivered his letter, and promptly returned, occupying only three days on the double journey

* * *

A Russian Wedding

A recent visit to the Russian Chapel in Welbeck Street recalls to my mind an incident which occurred there on the occasion of the marriage of Mlle. de Staal, whose photograph we are enabled to publish, to Count Orloff Davidoff. The bride was the daughter of that most stately and charming of diplomats, the late Baron de Staal, predecessor of the present Russian Ambassador. His daughter's wedding, witnessed only by that *élite* which Mme. de Staal loved to gather around her, missed none of the picturesque elements of the Russian ceremony. Crowns were held over the heads of bride and bridegroom, they carried lighted tapers in their hands, and a hidden choir of male voices chanted special psalms. At the wedding of Mlle. de Staal, the bride's hand shook a little, the taper flared, and in a moment the lovely old gossamer lace veil she wore was in flames. With commendable presence of mind, she stood quite motionless, while those nearest her, including the King, then Prince of Wales, sprang forward and extinguished the incipient blaze. During the 'eighties, when the Thames between Maidenhead and Cookham was less frequented than now, Baron and Baroness de Staal and their pretty daughter were regular week-end visitors to Cliveden, which Count and Countess Karolyi used to hire every summer from the late Duke of Westminster before he sold the place to Mr. Astor.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Shall We Say—Sandwichettes?

Suffragists parade the vicinity of the various police courts with sandwich-boards, while representatives of the cause make demonstrations before the magistrates, protesting against "man-made laws." No. 2 in the procession is Miss Irene Miller

Winning Owners of the Year

Mr. W. Bass
Owner of eight winners of fifteen races, value £13,803

Lord Derby
First in 1906, but fourth this season with a total of £13,209

Mr. W. B. Purefoy
The owner of Lally and other good horses, which won £11,822 in stakes for him

The expenses of the modern owner of racehorses are enormous, and the statistics of stake-money won during the season only present one side of the picture. But all the owners whose photographs appear on this page have a good margin on the right side, and Mr. Hall Walker, who has been the most successful of all, has won about £56,000 in stakes during the past three years. His best winners this year were White Eagle, Witch Elm, and Royal Realm. Mr. Bass owes his prominent place mainly to Sancy and Stickup, Mr. Purefoy to Lally, Captain Greer to Slieve Gallion, Mr. R. Croker to Orby, and Colonel Baird to Woolwinder

Mr. W. Hall Walker
Who heads the list of winning owners with seven winners of thirteen races, value £17,910

Colonel E. W. Baird
Who won £10,556

Mr. R. Croker
Who netted £8,349, this being much his best year on the English Turf

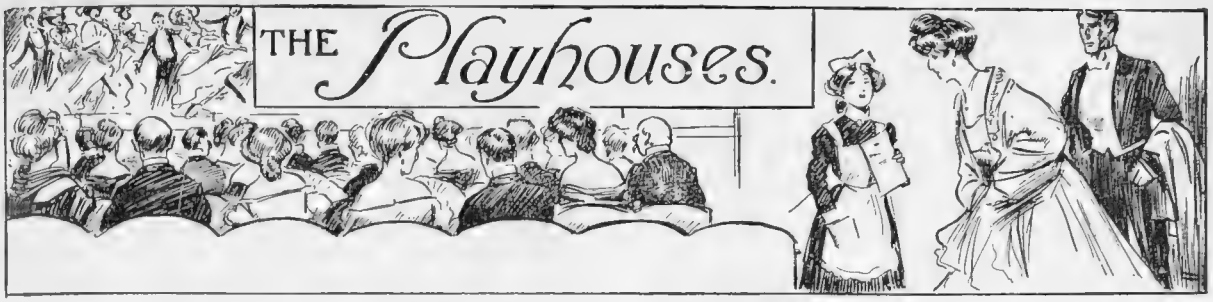
Captain J. H. Greer
Who is credited with £8,367 in stakes

Cæsar and Cleopatra AS SEEN BY G. B. SHAW

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Mr. Forbes Robertson (*Cæsar*) **Miss Gertrude Elliot** (*Cleopatra*)

Mr. Shaw, in this strange "history," does not attempt to make much dramatic capital of the relations between the elderly Cæsar and the youthful Cleopatra. Indeed, at the end of the play, Cæsar sails away from Alexandria with barely an expression of regret. Mr. Shaw has been chiefly concerned in showing us a prose-talking Cæsar as different as possible from the blank-verse, declaiming character we are accustomed to find in historical drama



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

SAVOY THEATRE

"Cæsar and Cleopatra"

Through lapse of memory, I omitted to make arrangements to purchase a seat for the production of *Cæsar and Cleopatra* (the Vedrenne-Barker management do not extend the customary courtesy to THE BYSTANDER); but a brother-critic came to the rescue, so I participated, at the *première*, in the very warm reception accorded to Mr. Forbes Robertson upon his return to London.

Mr. Shaw's motives in writing this play are apparent. He wanted to show us a Cæsar as different as possible from the character drawn by Shakespeare. Shakespeare's Cæsar, of course, is not Cæsar. At the same time, he is a very interesting dramatic figure. Strangely enough, Mr. Shaw, taking the diametrically opposite path to the earlier writer, arrives at the same goal. His Cæsar also is a curiously interesting dramatic figure. We are interested in the trend of his mind, as we are in the trend of Hamlet's mind. We want to analyse his motives and to discover the mainsprings of his actions. He is a very human creature, and it becomes of real moment to us to see into what dangers his leniency and clemency will lead him. In intellectual force, he towers head and shoulders above the other men of Egypt and of Rome. His personality is tinged with romance (Mr. Forbes Robertson's contribution to the rôle is very apparent here). At the moment when you think his Cæsar is going to be most weak, he develops suddenly the greatest strength. This Cæsar of Mr. Shaw's might have been, and probably was, written for Mr. Forbes Robertson. It is impossible to conceive any other actor in the rôle. Mr. Shaw has been almost equally successful in the portrayal of his other characters, Cleopatra and Brittanus (Cæsar's secretary, a Briton).

It is a wilful, fascinating, real child of sixteen that Mr. Shaw has drawn, and that Miss Gertrude Elliot acts with great skill and charm. The youthful Queen is naturally a creature of moods, and there is great variety in the emotions depicted. Miss Elliot was never at fault; she was so at home in the rôle that she played with it. She seemed to create all her effects without working at all for them. This is a severe test of skill in acting. Mr. Ian Robertson created much amusement as the gaunt, cynical Briton, whose humour is the driest of the dry. The actor made the part more valuable than it really is. As for the comic elements, they are sorry fooling. It is well, of course, to get away from the bombast and high-falutin' phrases sometimes put into the mouths of historical characters, but Mr. Shaw has gone too far the other way. The incongruity of modern phrases in the mouths of characters living in the year 48 B.C. fails to strike a humorous note. The first laugh in the piece was obtained by one of the characters calling the nurse a swivel-eyed old cat. The other humorous passages in the play were not of a very much higher order.

Photo *Reutlinger*

A French Actress Popular in London

Mlle. Marthe Regnier, of the Paris Vaudeville, who is so well known to audiences at the French theatre in London—the New Royalty

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE

"The Cuckoo"

Mr. Charles Brookfield's old farcical comedy has been vigorously dusted, trimmed, and furbished. Originally it was adapted from the French of Meilhac, now it has been adapted to the present hour by Mr. Brookfield from his own adaptation of a decade or so ago. When the curtain goes up, two of the characters are "discovered" wrestling with the last line of a Limerick. *The Cuckoo*, in this latest version, becomes a journal which thrives upon the craze of the hour. It was a pity Mr. Brookfield did not go a step farther in bringing the play up to date and abolish or reduce some of the lengthy soliloquies. Even the introduction of Limericks could not obliterate these evidences of age. But much can be forgiven in a play which causes laughter. *The Cuckoo* is undeniably amusing played as farce. It contains a most ingenious plot, the complications of which do not make too preposterous a claim upon our credibility. The story concerns a

partie carée old husband (Mr. O. B. Clarence), young wife (Miss Sarah Brooke), her admirer (Mr. Charles Hawtrey), and a lady of the dashing order, who finds her quarry among elderly and flighty husbands.

The joke is upon the husband. The two couples go off on the outing arranged in a manner that can well be imagined. The wife repents of her escapade and returns to find not an indignant, but a very repentant husband. The whole burden of the misadventures which have befallen his wife's admirer is placed upon his shoulders. And, being himself guilty, he has to grin and bear it. The company, headed by Mr. Charles Hawtrey, rattled through the piece in most commendable fashion. E. C. S.

THE STAGE SOCIETY

"Waste"

The production of the censored play, *Waste*, by the Incorporated Stage Society has done little or nothing to solve the very complex problem of whether the Lord Chamberlain does, or does not, constitute an exasperating hindrance to the development of dramatic art in its more virile aspects. The one thing which the play did emphasise, however, was the fact that, although transgressions of the moral code undeniably figure in the actualities of life, there are themes of human waywardness which are unsuited for public portrayal, even at the hands of a skilful author like Mr. Granville Barker. *Waste* makes daring advances into the forbidden region, and the impression the performance indelibly left was that Mr. Redford exercised commendable judgment in refusing a licence, although in the process he scotched the progress of a great play which gives Mr. Barker a right to take a foremost place among English dramatists.

Photo *Lafayette*

Miss Madge Titheradge

Who was specially presented to the King after the performance of *The Clandestine Marriage*, in which she played at Sandringham on his Majesty's birthday. Miss Titheradge is at present playing Rosine in *French As It Is Spoke* at the Playhouse

Henry Trebell, an aspiring politician of conspicuous ability, having, seemingly, conquered the amazing intricacies of national education in such a manner as to weld harmoniously the High Church lion and the Nonconformist lamb, is regarded as an extremely desirable addition to a new Conservative Cabinet which is being formed. At the very threshold of the realisation of his political dream, however, Mrs. O'Connell proclaims that the *liaison* which sprang up between them a few months before must inevitably lead to scandal in the guise of motherhood. Trebell is steeled against nearly every form of human sentiment, and only recognises that the affair may prejudice his political progress. He talks cold logic with almost brutal cynicism at the trying moment when the victim of his unthinking passion most needs the invigorating warmth of masculine sympathy. In the midst of her despair she seeks escape through the agency of a shady doctor, and meets her death.

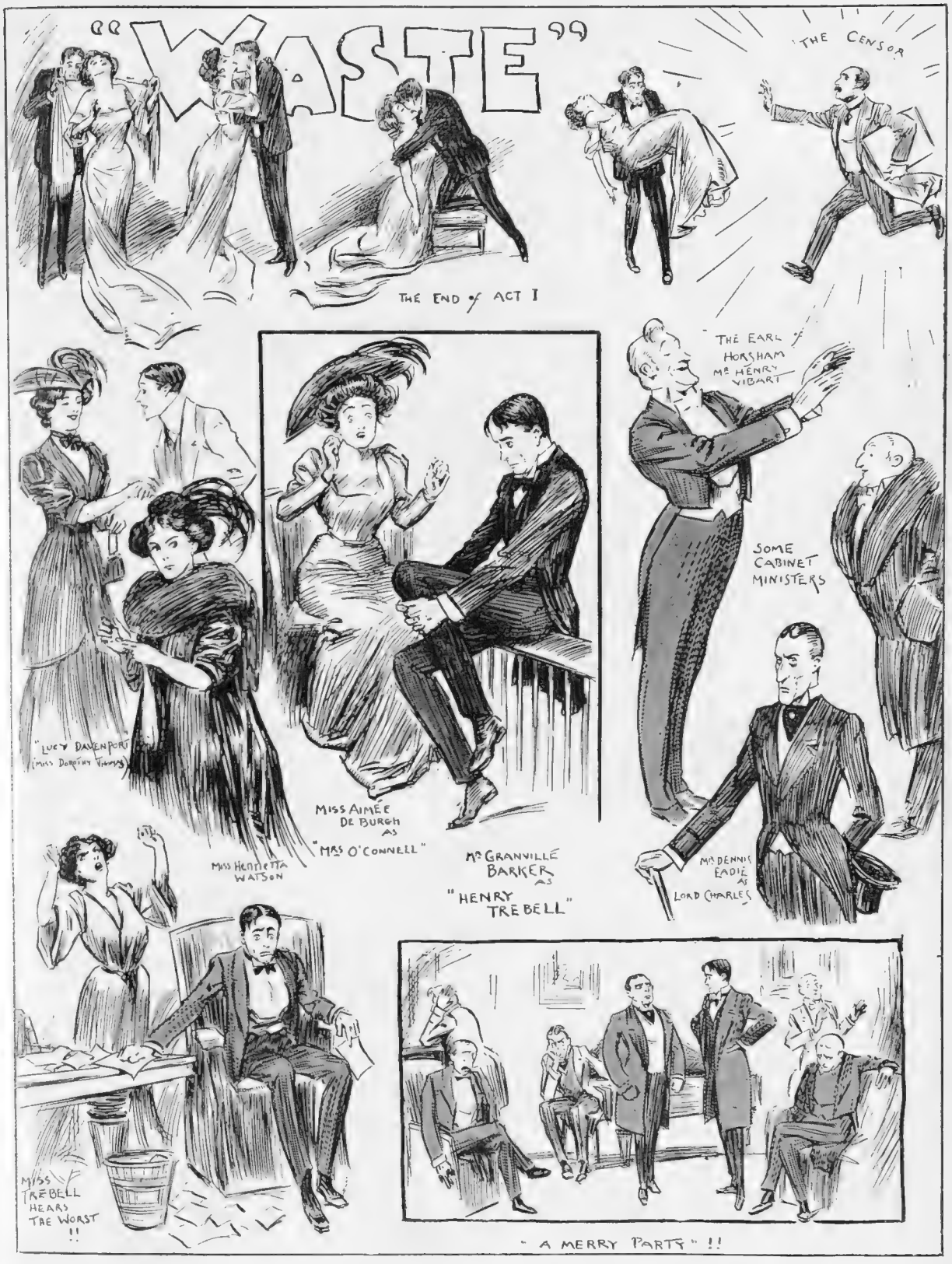
The prospective disclosure at the inquest invests the situation with issues of national importance. Will Mr. Justice O'Connell, a worthy Irishman who has been living apart from his wife, revengefully blazon the scandal to the world, or will he permit himself to be swayed by consideration for the future welfare of Mr. Trebell? The pair meet under momentous circumstances, and both being confirmed woman-haters, adjust matters without a tinge of regret at the tragic ending of the woman's folly.

With O'Connell's pledge to silence the Trebell horizon suddenly clears, and, in the solitude of his awaiting the official notification that he has been elected a member of the Cabinet, he becomes conscious that he is not impervious to that phase of humanity represented by Mrs. O'Connell's desperate subterfuge in her intense grief. He begins to realise that contempt for human life exacts its own penalty, and it is while tortured by his own self-searchings that he receives a communication to the effect that the Cabinet will not require his services. He reels under the dual infliction, and ends all by committing suicide.

The story, as thus outlined, cannot claim to be startlingly new, and the form of the narrative, as here taken, would probably be acceptable even in supersensitive circles. It is the atmosphere of sex questions, however, in which the play lives, which lays it open to the charge of indelicacy, and a marked degree of chilling uncertainty in the minds of the audience.

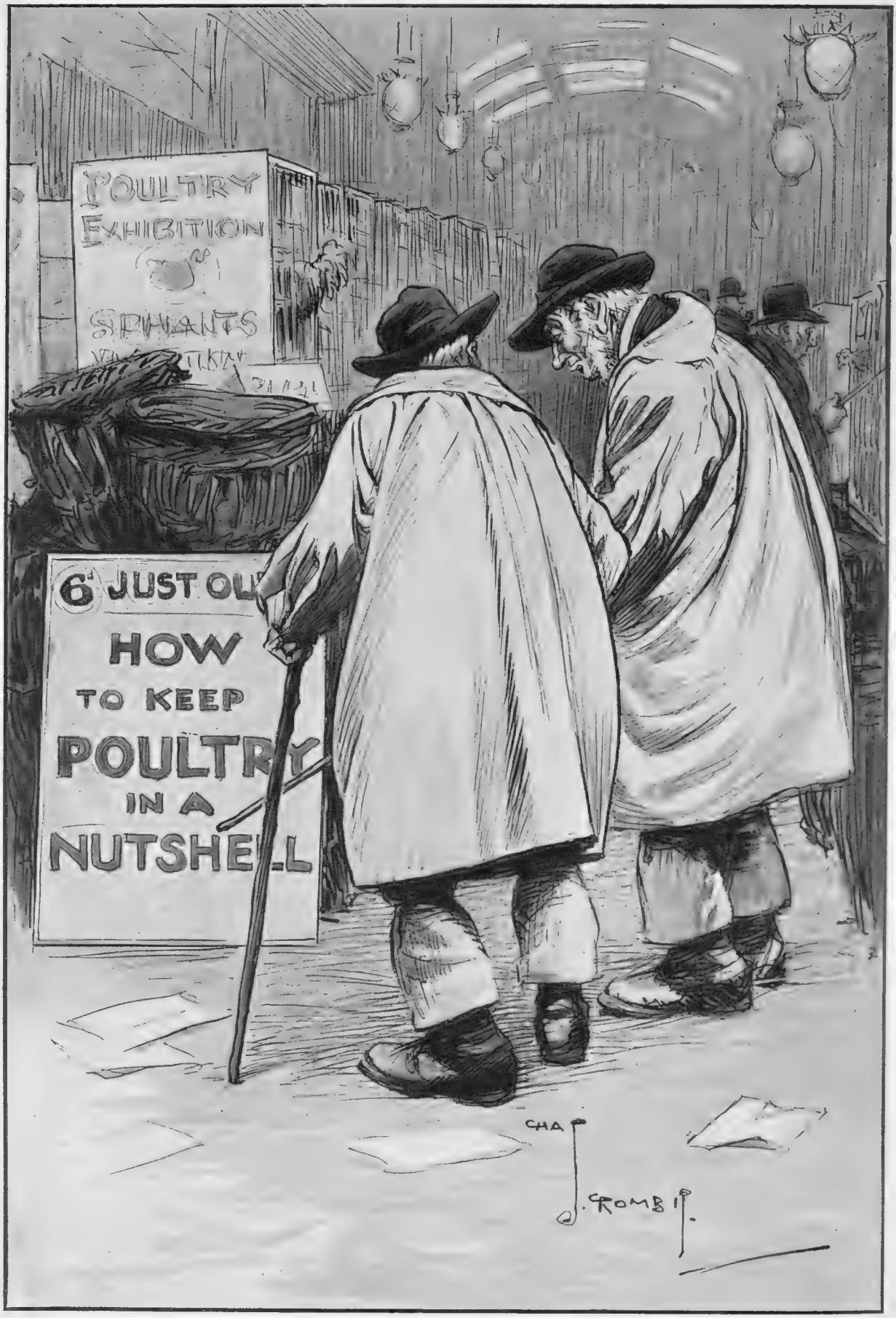
As a great intellectual achievement the play is a notable triumph, although it attempts to grapple, with some degree of tiresomeness of detail, with a whole host of extraneous subjects. At times the dialogue gratuitously drags in abstruse social problems, but these are always clothed in epigrammatic terms of expression, and the mind, occasionally is called upon to indulge in a fierce chase after the subtleties which come tripping off the tongues of the speakers. Without, in any sense, sacrificing the power of the piece, the author might have steered clear of much that is prone to occasion embarrassment and left Mr. Redford very little to take exception to. In its broad aspect, the play is a veritable triumph of realism, but while duly appreciating the outstanding cleverness of the author, and the intense dramatic situation he creates, it has to be confessed that the theme is capable of mischief in an audience unequal to the standard of intelligence which Mr. Barker sets.

The whole of the characters was in very capable hands, and where everyone was excellent there is no need to signal out members of the company for individual praise.

In Defiance of Mr. Redford

Scenes in "WASTE," Mr. Granville Barker's "Censored" Play, produced by the Stage Society at "The Imperial"

BY NORMAN MORROW

The Rural Mind



AT THE POULTRY SHOW

"What do 'ee think o' that, Jarge?"

"Wunnerful; but lor' bless me, what can be the use o' them size birds?"

BY CHARLES CROMBIE

CONTINENTAL CHAT

King and Parliament in Portugal

It is very hard to understand what is going on in Portugal. Most conflicting explanations have been given to me by Portuguese friends and others who know the country. Some say the King and his Prime Minister are trying to carry out a thorough purification of the official departments of State, in which bribery and corruption have become habitual. Others assure me that the King is only imitating the Tsar of all the Russias. A reason given for the alleged banishment of his son into some out-of-the-way castle is said to be that he has been swelling the amount of his pocket-money under the fostering auspices of corrupt officials. Others say that it is because his ideas about Constitutional Government do not coincide with his father's, which is quite possible, in view of the fact that his age is twenty. Meanwhile people who know the Peninsula are far less concerned about what is going on there than are people abroad, where a sort of French Revolution, with flight of the King, shooting of Ministers, barricades, street fighting, a commune, and so on, are expected. That is not, however, the way things work out "South of the Pyrenees." There, a Republican puts up very amiably with Monarchy. He has no subversive projects, he is evolutionist, and *not* revolutionist, merely regarding the Republican form of Government as the ideal towards which political development naturally tends, and, like a good doctor, he does not stand in the way of nature. Stoppage of newspapers by Government is viewed with comparative equanimity "South of the Pyrenees." The danger is on the side of possible military adventure, tempered by Anarchism, and any change of Government is quite unlikely to result in a Republic, seeing that the Portuguese military chiefs are all loyal supporters of the Throne. Still, the worst will be that the non-summoning of the Cortes may temporarily disaffect many of the King's staunch supporters. King Carlos will, no doubt, receive advice from our country, where he has many friends, to adhere *coute que coute* to the principles of Constitutional Government. If there were any real danger of Revolution, the King of Spain would not be enjoying himself in England.

Photo *Hamilton*

The Portuguese Premier, Senhor Franco

Alleged by some to be conspiring against, and by others to be conspiring with, the Crown in the present crisis

* * *

Will King Leopold Abdicate?

There is some confusion in England about King Leopold's position with regard to the Congo. He is King of the Belgians and Sovereign—not *King*—of the Congo. If the Congo is annexed to Belgium he will cease to be Sovereign of the independent State, and it will become a part of the Belgian dominions. His abdication has been spoken of, and by the annexation he will technically lose his position as Sovereign of the Congo; but that is the only abdication of which there is any question. It would not be surprising, however, if he did abdicate altogether, considering how he is worried by his health, politics, and his critics. I don't suppose the Count of Flanders would be overpleased to take over the succession to King Leopold at the present moment; but, perhaps, after the settlement of the question of the Royal domain in the Congo, the King will give up the rest of his life to the care of his gout, or will, at any rate, appoint his nephew as Regent for a time.

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The Belgian Heir-Presumptive

The heir-presumptive (Prince Albert) is a handsome, fresh-complexioned, good-tempered young man, almost as tall as the King himself, and has his uncle's gift of memory for persons and names. He is extremely popular, and his military training has given him a smartness and manliness which is often lacking in Belgian officers, as well as in many Royal persons. Judging from his appearance, I should think the Count of Flanders is rather over than under the average intelligence of heirs-presumptive. One sign of his cleverness is the manner in which he has been able to avoid being mixed up with any Court or political scandals. He confines himself to doing his social duties, and discharges them to the satisfaction of everybody. Early in life, he discovered that the art of being popular is not in *doing* anything, but in avoiding association with any possibly unpopular cause, however good he might consider it. This

practice has saved him from being in the least affected by the sins of commission or omission of his uncle, and, if he remains true to it, he will run no risk of being stranded, like King Leopold, if anything he does turns out a failure. In spite of anything that may be said, Belgium owes her industrial prosperity, and the important place she now holds in the world, to the deliberate efforts of her present King, who drained his private treasury to obtain for his subjects the field of enterprise which the Congo has become, and who has directly patronised every undertaking of his subjects which could in any way be beneficial to the national industries.

* * *

The Queen of Belgium's Jewels

And so the jewels are still unsold! Four or five times now the great event has been postponed, and people begin to wonder whether there is not some family negotiation behind the affair after all. It seems incomprehensible that a Royal Princess, who has the sympathies of many people in Belgium, is unable to find a good friend to advance the necessary £1,600 and release the jewels. The King's attitude, which at first called forth such a storm of indignation, and for which no explanation has ever been given, will, no doubt, be cleared up. King Leopold is not a man easy to coerce, as we have seen over the Congo Question, and that no one comes to her assistance shows that there is no desire to interfere with him in the lesson he is giving his daughter. Like every man who has had hard work to rebuild his fortune, the King knows the value of money, and has the strongest aversion to waste and debts. He considers that an allowance of £2,000 is ample for a woman who has voluntarily parted with her Royal rank. This is not the first time that the "Royal Papa" has been counted on to come to the rescue when things reached the critical point. English people judge this question between the King and his daughters too much from an English point of view. In England a man can punish disobedient children by disinheriting them; in Belgium, as in France, the children have an inalienable right to a share in their parents' fortune, the proportion of which is fixed by law. Society, therefore, expects a stronger filial attachment on the part of the children than an English parent has any claim to, apart from his own acts. The general feeling of the Belgians, then, in spite of a large number of personal friends, is strongly unfavourable towards the daughter, who seems to miss no opportunity of wounding and humiliating her father, and, through him, the whole Belgian nation. I well remember the popular anger in Belgium when she published the story of her grievances in the Paris *Matin*.

Photo *E.N.A.*

The Latest Portrait of the King of the Belgians

Who, it is rumoured, has visited Paris lately. His abdication is being considered—by others

The Closing of the Mosques

Some crocodile tears have been shed over the closing of the Mosques in Constantinople to "tourists." Well, a good many genuine ones have in the past been shed because they were ever opened to them. In the case of St. Sophia alone, the damage done to the sacred building by the tourist has exceeded by far that done by the Moslems themselves when they took it over and adapted it to the requirements of Islam. They left it in much the same state as they found it, Christian effigies and all, and the only serious damage done was the obliteration of the mosaics which disobeyed the Koran by reproducing living forms. Even this, however, was not done thoroughly. One of the things in St. Sophia to which the Christian visitor's attention is called by the guides is an effigy which the Moslems supposed to be a vegetable, but which is, in reality, a fish. The omission stands defiant and unrepaired to this day. Christian visitors to Mosques have, of course, to cover their feet with shoes to be hired from the janitors, and the process of crossing the floor resembles nothing so much as skating. To be duly reverent to the Moslem faith while executing curves and figures has long proved a difficulty to the "dog of a Christian." No longer will his risible faculties be called on to suffer the strain! However, I do not suppose the tourist of decent standing and genuine interest in architecture will find any difficulty in obtaining from his Embassy the needed escort.

* * *

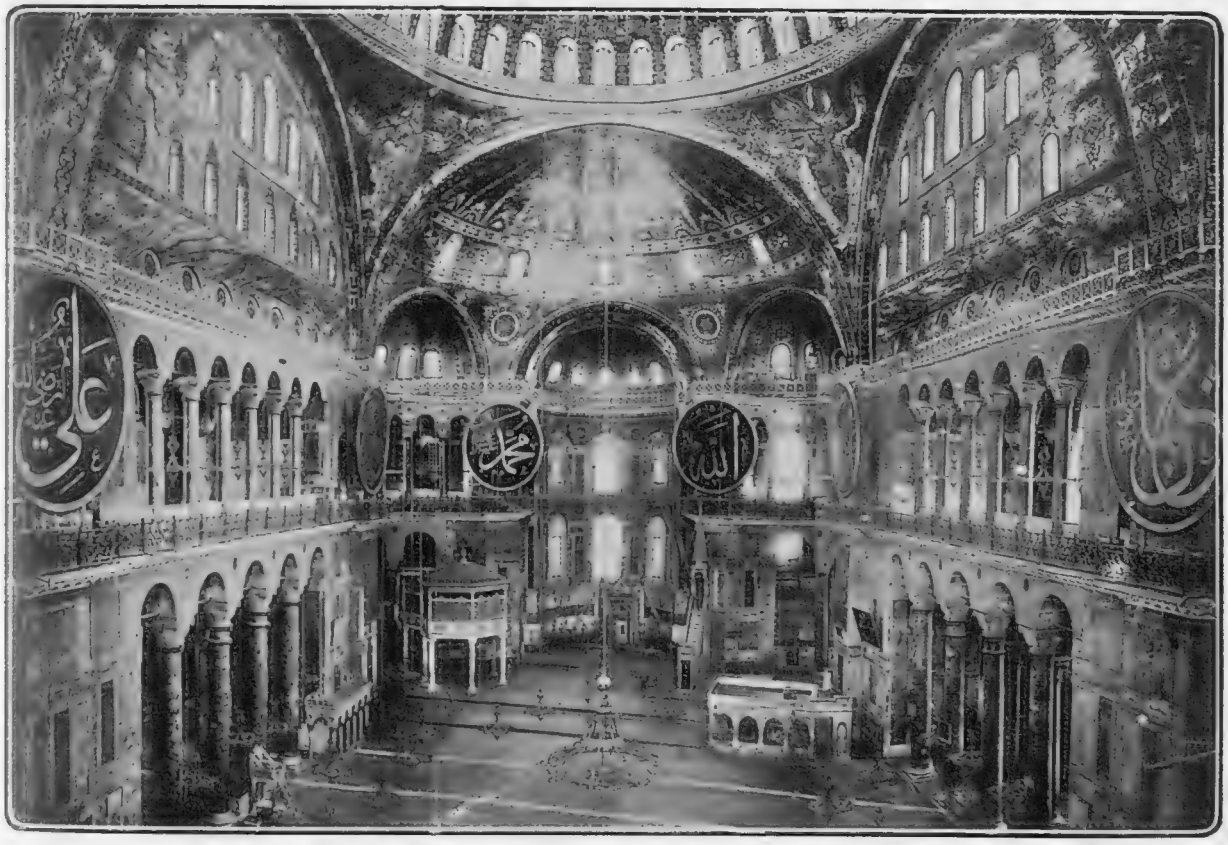
King Victor Emmanuel and England

I hear that the King of Italy contemplates visiting our country next year. When he was here some years ago, before he came to the throne, he spent a great deal of his time in the London docks learning all he could about our shipping and trade methods. He delights in telling his adventures in London at that time, when Italy was still treated, like most other countries, with patronising *quasi*-contempt. He deeply resented this tone at the time, and determined he would do everything in his power to get for Italy a higher industrial place in the world. And lo! he has succeeded. There is no Italian Minister of Commerce who ever remains long enough in office to have time to master the details of Italian trade as he knows them. When he receives English visitors, which he does in a little, rather bare room, where he leaps into a broad sofa and exposes the soles of his boots to his visitor, he grows eloquent over the industries of his country. One thing that he delights to do is to chaff Englishmen on the "red tapeism" of the London docks, where he had experiences beating the most flagrant cases of Italian red tapeism.

The Closing of Turkey's Mosques

ST. SOPHIA, STAMBOUL, WITHOUT AND WITHIN

The Exterior of the Mosque of St. Sophia



Photos] The Interior of the Mosque of St. Sophia [*E.N.A.*

A Mohammedan mosque dedicated to a Saint! The apparent absurdity of "St. Sophia," Islam's metropolitan "cathedral" (which, with the rest of the mosques in the Ottoman Empire, is henceforth closed to the Christian tourist), at once strikes the casual person. It should, therefore, be explained that "St. Sophia" means not an actual person, but "Holy Wisdom." It was originally built by Constantine, and was, of course, a Christian church, but it was not destroyed by the Moslems. On the contrary, the Christian effigies were left untouched, and the name of the Saviour is still among the prophets honoured therein. The interior of "St. Sophia," with its beauteous dome and its exquisite marbles and mosaics, is a sight not easily forgotten, and its closing will deprive the visitor to Stamboul of one of the chief sights of the Turkish capital

"Urbs Prima in Mundo":

Photo

THE SUPERB VIEW OF THE "ETERN

A Panorama of Modern Rome

Graphic Photo Union

L CITY" FROM THE PALATINE HILL

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 107

THE CROUPIER

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

FROM the manner in which he strolled along the pavement of the busy Strand, it was easy to note that Gerard Hyde was a bachelor. He was not even engaged to be married. For the engaged man with time on his hands rarely passes more than one shop in three, the married man passes all, the bachelor all but the tobacco shops, and perhaps boot-makers. Hyde made his first stop at a tobacco shop.

As he stood looking interestedly at some fine specimens of Calabash pipes he became conscious of a woman's eyes upon him. She stood in front of the next shop-window apparently looking at photograph frames. Hyde examined her effective appearance at first critically, then affectionately, for his was a temperament that accorded likes and dislikes with generous spontaneity. She was an ecstasy in blemishes.

From her little brown shoes—one was tied with broad and the other with narrow lace—to the tip of the tilt of her feathery hat she was artistically incongruous. She was a pretty personified epigram, a half-beauty, a *blasé* baby in Victorian frills. Her frock was new and neat, but it did not suit her. Hyde afterwards came to the conclusion that it would be impossible to design a frock to suit her. Her Geisha-heaped hair defied the tailor-made, her almond-shaped eyes gave an air of wickedness to white tulle. She was dressed in a blue cotton frock that lent a yellow tint to the silken skin that seemed whitest round a tiny scarlet mouth.

Hyde moved away rather reluctantly from the sight of her. He crossed the road and stood at the entrance of a restaurant watching her. She still appeared absorbed in the photograph frames. A newsboy offered him a paper, and, as he turned to take it, Hyde lost sight of her. She was wrapped up in a throng of people, and he scanned the street in vain for her bright cotton frock. Impatiently turning on his heel, he entered the restaurant and ordered lunch, his mind still occupied with the little foreign girl. He was certain that her nationality could not possibly be British. When he had all but finished his meal, he was agreeably surprised to find the object of his thoughts sitting at an adjacent table, a little behind him, apparently also just finishing her lunch. He lit a cigar, and waited for her to leave.

On the steps of the restaurant they brushed against each other, and she smiled very bewitchingly in answer to his apology. At Charing Cross, she went into the post-office and sent a telegram. Hyde stood outside watching her. When she reappeared, he was about to lift his hat when she walked straight up to him and laughed into his face deliciously.

"Will you take me to the District Railway? My name is Alexina. I have to get home quickly. You can kiss me once when we say good-bye." There was a very clear, pleasing ring in her voice.

Hyde, for one fleeting moment, thought of his vocation for the Church. She still smiled, her mouth like the red petal of a white flower. Hyde would take her to the District Railway. His name was Gerard. He had not anything in particular to do, fortunately. He was much obliged for permission to kiss her once. He remarked that he had originally hoped to kiss her more often, but he knew that easily realised ambitions gave little permanent pleasure. The girl put her teeth together—very regular, white teeth, but small, too small—and made a quaint little hissing sound that Hyde afterwards learnt to translate as meaning "How foolishly delicious!"

At the entrance to the railway station he kissed her. She kissed him. They continued to look at each other, but the girl's glance was fleeting. She looked into his eyes, then at his shoulders, then into his eyes again. She was close to him. Presently her hand fiddled with his watch-chain.

"Obviously, we must meet again," said Hyde. He had made up his mind suddenly to be a barrister. Alexina shook her head without speaking.

"I won't leave you. I will follow you home." The legal profession lost its glamour. He would have to be a stockbroker.

"Come to-night then, when you like." She gave him a Kensington address. As they went down the dark station steps together, they kissed again. The die was cast. Hyde was already a full-blown music-hall agent.

"*Au revoir*, Gerard," squeaked little Alexina, from the carriage window.

"*Au revoir*, darling," replied the fervent Gerard. On his way home he bought a new watch, afterwards resuming his studies for the Church.

At a bachelor party that night Hyde told the story against himself, and put up with a good deal of chaff. It amused him immensely to describe the girl, but his companions, with the exception of one, a poet, who sub-edited a financial paper, did not seem at all interested in his analysis. After dinner, however, the poet took him aside, and plied him with pleasing questions. Did she wear ear-rings? How did she carry her hands, bent, straight, or clenched? Was she by any chance so ethereally imperfect that one could see one's reflection in only one of her eyes? The poet asked the question rapturously, as if a lofty and long-sought ideal was about to be realised. Were her finger-nails white or pink? But Hyde had already told all, except one further delicious truth which fell on the poet's ears alone. Her eyebrows differed. One was long and silky, and the other stiff and quite bushy near the temple. The poet left early. He could not stop to play cards. He very nearly resigned his official position that evening.

The other men played cards till twelve, and then broke up. Hyde saw another man home, and on his way back, in search of a cab, he was suddenly confronted with the name of the road that the wonderful Alexina had quoted to him that morning. Seventeen was the number. It would be amusing to see the house, though extremely improbable that she lived there. It was at the far end of the road, and, like all the others, very prim and respectable in exterior. There was a low light in one of the bedrooms, but the rest of the windows were dark. Acting on impulse, he pressed the electric bell. He heard steps coming along a passage. The door was opened by a girl, but the hall was in darkness and he could not see her face. She shut the door, and, without saying a word, walked away. Suddenly the door at the farther end

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(*All rights strictly reserved*)

In "Carmen"

MLLE. MARIA GAY AND SIGNOR GIRAUD AT COVENT GARDEN

(*Continued from page 480*)

opened, and threw a blaze of light into the hall. Alexina stood in the doorway.

She looked at him with a little start of surprise, and then her lips shaped that tantalising smile that had really been the cause of his entering the house. Her eyes wandered as before from his face to his shoulders and back again. He beckoned to her, but she shook her head and held open the door.

Hyde entered and took a seat at a long table. Only one or two of the men present raised their eyes to look at him. There were about twenty of them playing baccarat. The banker was an elderly, handsome woman, with features that recalled to Hyde the appearance of women he had met on a Russian holiday. She and Alexina, who acted the part of croupier, paying out and raking in at high speed, were the only women in the room. Hyde had not watched the play for long before he realised that a great deal of cheating was going on. At first he was shocked by the wholesale character of it, because, though a well-to-do man who had gambled high in a variety of environments, he had never seen anything more than what might be called a little sharp practice at any card table. Everyone cheated. The man on either side sitting next the tellers signalled the number of pips on the first two cards to the banker, the punters moved and withdrew stakes after the deals with reckless frequency, and the elfish croupier, now attired in an old-fashioned white silk frock, gathered in the money with a rake that had a quaint habit of taking the edge off the piles in front of such of the players as were too intoxicated to see what was happening.

His surprise at last gave way to amusement, and then to total disgust. Just as he was about to leave the table, the banker stopped the game. "Till to-morrow," said she, and at once the big pile of notes and gold disappeared into the table drawer. There was some grumbling, but the company soon dispersed, leaving in twos and threes, evidently by both back and front entrances. There did not appear to be an Englishman among them. Hyde wanted to speak to Alexina.

The elderly woman packed the money into a hand-bag after giving the girl, whom she called Mlle. Mavesyn, five pounds of it. Then she too left the house and drove off in an electric vehicle. For some minutes, Hyde sat in the deserted room with the door open. He knew that Alexina had not gone, for he heard the rustle of her clothes about the house. Presently she ran in, a little breathless, with his watch in her hand.

"I was afraid you would not come if I did not take it. I am not lovely, only nice, and the English are not passionate." Hyde accepted the watch and the explanation.

"Do you live here?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. It is a very nice house. You will find it nice by day, too."

"Alone?"

"Only with Madame's husband and a thin servant."

"You absurd child! What are you talking about?"

"Madame's husband, tall boy. He is fat, enormous. Alphonse is thin. I lock Alphonse up."

"But where is Madame's husband, and why don't they go home together?"

"Oh, M'sieur, how droll and wicked! Why he is enormous. He goes to bed at five, comes down one flight of stairs once, goes up once. He sleeps on the floor because the beds break under him. And when he wants to get up or turn over—eh, M'sieur?—he pulls the rope over him tied to a hook on the ceiling. He lives here and swears. I tease him because he can't catch me. He's rather fun. Madame goes away with the money, and no one knows where she keeps it."

"And do you enjoy this extraordinary household?"

"I don't know." She stared at him perplexedly.

"Whoever in the world are you?"

"A daughter of the dear devil, who is a woman. My father was Japanese. Do you love me?" Gerard Hyde picked up his hat. She snatched it from him and tore it.

"I will come and see you again. There, take my watch again. I will come for it." She stamped her foot and pushed him with both hands. He laughed a little, and then she burst into tears. He tried to console her, but she pushed him away. As he went out through the hall a terrific snore reverberated through the house, no doubt from the nostrils of the fat husband. He paused on the steps to light a cigarette. Suddenly the door opened.

"I am not ugly—not ugly," screamed Alexina, and again the door banged.

"Well, I'm damned!" said Gerard Hyde. He said it more than once on the way home.

It is a curious fact that the loveliest women are rarely the most fascinating. The more serene and incontestable a girl's beauty may be, the less need is there to set a guard over her honour. Woman does not fear great love, but low passion. To the philanderer, the hedonist, the *roué*, the majesty of supreme beauty is oppressive. They look and look away. It is as if their selfishness were palliated by the fact that the fairest thing is not for them. What they cannot desire, they do not desire, a negative virtue common also in ultra-respectable circles. Alexina Mavesyn had no loveliness, but a birthright of natural witchery that made her the prey of many fastidious hunters. That she cordially hated them all goes without saying, but of the nature of the lacking quality in these multifarious wooings she had no idea. Her instinct told her that a part of her being was still unknown to her; that in her relationships with her fellows, were they men, women, or children, she had never yet, even on one isolated occasion, found complete expression. In the early days of her friendship with Gerard Hyde she thought him boring. He was kind, and astonishingly gentle and respectful, but her senses, blunted by common contact with men of a base stamp, absorbed no new impression for many weeks. She was not sure that she cared for his kisses; but it was very delightful when she visited him, as was the case on six afternoons in the week—Hyde had a missionary sister who thought it her duty on Sunday afternoon to do something to brighten lonely lives—to be waited on, addressed deferentially, and, above all, asked if one took one or two lumps.

"You're like my old mother-hen," she said to him one day. "You take me under your big wing every afternoon—but only afternoon." She looked into his face a little plaintively. Hyde thought he understood the glance and laughed heartily.

"Do you really think I'm a bad man?" he asked.

"Bad! What is bad? You are not married." Alexina knew that it was wrong for married men to invite Alexinas to tea.

"No. I haven't a wife. Would you like to be my wife?"

"Wife? How horrible, horrible! Never, never, never!" Hyde opened his mouth wide. He had no intention of marrying her, although he was going to buy a City partnership, but it surprised him exceedingly to find his joking suggestion repudiated so emphatically.

(*Continued on page 484*

Irene's Sister

Photo *Rita Martin*

MISS DORIS LYTTON

Who gives a clever performance of Irene Wycherley's sporting, slangy, and rather hard-natured sister, Muriel, in Mr. Wharton's successful play at the Kingsway Theatre

(*Continued from page 482*)

"And what is there so terrible about being Madame?"

"Ah! you are not a woman." Hyde waited for more.

"I have been a wife when I was fifteen. He died soon, and I was very sorry, because I wanted to kill him."

"Was he so cruel?"

"No more, no more," said Alexina, covering his mouth with her tiny hand. "What do you say? No need to cry over spilt milk?"

And no more than three weeks later, Alexina spoke very differently to Gerard Hyde.

"I have made up my mind never to see you again," she informed him one afternoon, as he pulled the pins out of her hat.

"And what has made you come to that decision?" laughed Hyde. The girl sat silent for a few moments. Then she knelt by his chair and kissed his hands.

"I love you, Gerard. I know, because I no longer love myself. I hate my pretty clothes, my wicked eyes, my rings, my mouth. They are not as you are. You would marry one of those big, pure English girls, not perhaps because you love her, but because she is different from me. I hate my hot blood, because you are made of iron. I hate my life, because it only tickles, amuses you. For those who lead it with me you have only contempt. I am here because I am bad, quaint, funny. I see you smiling and laughing often, and it hurts me now when once it pleased me. Once when you kissed me, you irritated me. Now I love your kisses, though my heart aches to know that, even when you are kissing, you think trivially of me. I can't bear to think of being with you, and I am wretched away. For me you are life, and you are torturing me. I love you and I hate you for teaching me to love you. I can never forget these days, because you have opened a sweet wound in me that years and years of the bad life will not heal. I am yours, and—oh, I'm sorry, sorry, so sorry." She sank in a heap on the floor, but no tears fell from her eyes. She seemed to be shivering.

Hyde sat still, his face pale and drawn. From the bottom of his heart he pitied her. In the course of an acute self-analysis he blamed himself a little more severely than the occasion warranted. He had brought grace to the heart of the savage, and now must return his *protégée* to her graceless kind. He had clothed and fed the beggar maid, and must now throw her to the thieves. Still he sat, while the girl quivered on the floor.

At last she rose to her feet, unaided. She kept her face hid from him, and pinned on her hat.

"Alexina!" The man's voice shook.

She did not answer, but bent to brush the dust from her trim serge skirt.

"Alexina, you must come to-morrow."

"Why, Gerard?" There was sullenness and yet softness in her voice.

"I don't know. But you must come to-morrow. Promise me you will come to-morrow." She promised, and went quietly out of the room.

The following morning found Hyde extraordinarily busy. He visited his lawyers, his bankers, his club, and his missionary sister. Alexina, when she called at three, found him eating a late lunch.

"Everything's settled, little girl," he cried as she entered the room. "Pass me up the salad from that end, will you?"

"What is settled, Gerard?"

"That you are to be my wife. Yes, we're to be married to-morrow. Do you see that little bag on my desk? It contains the money for your trousseau. Take it now quick, and be off and spend it. You will have no time to-morrow. Hang me if I can shave this cucumber." Alexina grabbed the little bag and shook it.

"Pennies?" asked she, speaking ecstatically.

"Guess again!"

"Little red sovereigns! Oh, dear little red sovereigns! I wonder if there are enough to buy everything!"

"Run away and see. And don't buy anything idiotic. You're going to be a British matron." Alexina filled the room with her laughter.

"Why," said she, "you would not love me if I was not idiotic over my trousseau." Which was perfectly correct.

What the women of Hyde's acquaintance said, Alexina would have given much to know. But her impetuous husband carried her out of England and kept her travelling for nearly two years. When they returned, fresh scandals and other even more outrageous happenings occupied people's attention, and the Hydes were allowed to settle down in Holland Park without a parochial protest. Always a very popular clubman, Hyde was soon sought out by old male friends, though the carpets of their charming house were rarely dusted by skirts other than those of Alexina.

Questioned by intimate friends as to the result of his extremely risky experiment, Hyde invariably gave sincerely rapturous replies. Alexina grew prettier, Alexina grew more womanly, Alexina grew more tender and devoted every day. She obeyed him in everything, read under his direction, revealed an hitherto unknown talent for music—she played the violin with exquisite taste—and managed his household as if she were a past mistress of the Schools of Cookery and Economics. The men who came to the house could not deny that everything they saw pointed to the truth of this eulogy. At the dinner-table she was pre-eminently vivacious and witty, in the drawing-room she held them entranced with the music of her violin, and in the card-room she gambled so merrily and lost so good-humouredly that not a few envied Hyde his versatile wife.

Their married life might have prospered harmoniously, without any serious interruption, had not Hyde developed a failing that he had originally feared to find to a marked extent in the character of his wife. His delight in Alexina carried him to lengths of extravagance that in his younger days he would have shuddered at. Warnings from his bankers and solicitors were followed by daring speculations on the Stock Exchange, bigger betting at cards, and the usual crazy programme of efforts to recoup adopted by people who lack the temperament to face big losses. Things went from bad to worse, many of his superb gifts to Alexina were pawned, and tradesmen's debts were heaped high. But through all this time of stress and anxiety, through weeks barren of gifts of even flowers, Alexina's smile was as bright, her manner as vivacious, as ever.

One night a small party sat in the card-room at the Hydes' house playing baccarat. There were five visitors present, two foreigners and three Englishmen. The Englishmen stolidly kept their sovereigns on each side of the tape, only reducing the stake when they lost. The foreigners' money wandered from side to side with systematic lack of system. Alexina held the bank, and was losing steadily; while her husband, although playing against her, kept picking the wrong side and made no headway. At one time there were

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In Summer Climes

(1) The Bystander is here shown in the hands of a very small reader sitting by the side of Napoleon's tomb on the Island of St. Helena. Sent by Mr. E. Sinclair, of St. Helena

(2) Taken in the semi-tropical climate of Colorado Beach, California. Sent by Mrs. Waller, "Silverdale Grange," Silverdale, Sydenham, S.E.

(3) Taken by a patient of the European Hospital, Kuala Lumpur, Selangor, Federated Malay States. In the group are shown the matron and nurses of that Institution. Sent by Mr. E. Jenkins

(4) Taken on the Victoria Falls Bridge, Zambesi, the highest bridge in Africa, 500 ft. above the water and 600 ft. long. The sender, Mr. E. Percy James, Mossel Bay, South Africa, says, in the course of his letter to us: "If acceptable, kindly send the prize to the 'Fresh Air Fund,' as I think it would enable some of the children also to enjoy a little holiday. Having been born in London and lived there many years, my thoughts often return to think of those who need sunshine more than we do in Africa." (The prize of 10s. 6d. has been duly forwarded to the F. A. F.—Ed.)

(*Continued from page 484*)

three pounds on the left and twelve on the right. Alexina dealt the cards. No one struck.

"I am giving," said Alexina.

The left asked for a card and took a picture. Alexina smiled. She had the left beaten, but there were only three pounds on the left.

The right asked for a card and took a five. Alexina looked irritable. She turned up her own cards, a five and a two. The two tellers picked up their cards to show, but she stopped them. Hyde stared at her curiously. Who ever heard of a banker buying on seven?

Alexina turned up the next card. It was the two of diamonds. Her score was nine.

"Lord, what luck!" said the teller on the right, who also had nine. Alexina raked in the three sovereigns on the left, and the men made their bets for the next round. Hyde said nothing. He dared not look at his wife.

There were five pounds on either side of the tape. Alexina dealt three cards. Then one to the teller on the left, who promptly struck eight, one to the right, and one to herself. She exposed her cards. Nine! But her husband had seen something more. She had not looked at them before exposing! Hyde clutched at the table and leaned forward, looking straight into her eyes. She caught his look and flushed red. Then her face became deathly white. He knew! She was cheating.

"You are tired, Alexina," said Hyde, icily. "I think we will stop for to-night." The others professed concern at her pale face, and left almost at once. Hyde saw them off the premises and then returned to the card-room.

Alexina sat at the table, her face buried in her hands.

Hyde went to her, raised her head roughly, and wrenched a ring from her hand.

"Now, go!" he shouted, hoarsely, his lips white, his eyes red.

She flung herself on her knees at his feet, sobbing.

"Go, you——," he almost screamed.

She staggered to her feet and went out of the room.

Hyde went to a small desk, and took out and loaded a small revolver. He hid it behind a bowl of carnations and sat down. Presently he got up and opened the door of the room, that he might hear her go through the hall and out of the house. He seemed to be waiting hours.

Alexina came back, in a black cloak and hat. In her hand she had a small book.

"Say good-bye to me, Gerard, please, please. I am bad, bad, I know. I didn't deserve your trust. I tried to be better, but I was born with this vice in me, it seems. But do say good-bye. I can pay your debts. I never told you I had money when I married you. Now I have a great deal more, for Madame—you remember Madame of the gambling house?—she was my mother—you did not guess that—and she left me her all when she died. Never mind how it was got, but take it, please take it. It will help me, when I'm back again at the old life, to think that at least I did you one good turn."

An irresistible curiosity impelled Hyde to examine the bank-book she laid before him on the table.

She had over ten thousand pounds on deposit! And there was interest to come, interest that had never been noted in the pass-book.

For a long while there was silence. Hyde's eyes rested continuously on a marble statuette of an Arcadian shepherd.

"I will forgive you—I will forgive you for ten thousand pounds."

Presently they laughed together. B. M. H.

Photo *Wade*

Rameses the Great: His statue at Memphis

The great statue of Rameses II., known to posterity as Rameses the Great, at Memphis. This king of old was a great builder, and nearly all the cities of Egypt can show a temple credited to him. He was particularly fond of taking the credit for the erection of statues and buildings to which he had no right

Preparing Poultry for the Shows

A Lesson in Calisthenics: Teaching a prize bird to show off its "points"

Before the Shows commence in the autumn, attention must be given to the prize cockerels and pullets, which have to be trained with little sticks to hold themselves properly, so that their "points" may be best displayed. Large prices may be obtained for the best birds

The Order of the Bath: Washing birds before sending them to a Show

Poultry farming, as it is generally understood—the rearing and fattening of poultry for the market—is not a profession which leads to many additions to the ranks of our millionaires. It can be made quite a profitable undertaking, however, if the farmer confines his activities to the rearing of the best strains of poultry only for exhibition and breeding purposes, chicks from prize strains fetching as much as two guineas a dozen. The course of training occupies but three weeks or a month, and this form of farming offers many opportunities for women seeking congenial employment

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Recent Decisions of the Rules of Golf Committee

The decisions given by the Rules of Golf Committee during the period running from May to September of this year were duly published at the autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club. The queries which have necessitated these judgments, for the most part, have reference to questions arising out of the conditions governing club competitions. Such questions ought always to be settled by the committee of the club concerned, and it ought never to be necessary to invoke the assistance of the Rules Committee in such purely local matters. Perhaps it would be as well if I quoted the paragraph in the constitution of the Committee which confers on them the power of deciding questions submitted to them. It runs as follows: "The powers of the Committee shall be limited to dealing with proposals relating to, or questions of interpretation arising on, the rules and customs of the game of golf. On all questions of interpretation of the rules they shall be the final authority."

I will now quote one of the queries sent up to the Committee as an example of the sort of thing I am criticising: "A and B meet C and D in the final of a foursome competition. A and B receive one stroke at the third hole. The match was halved, and the players started again. The side which won the nineteenth hole claimed the match. Is there any rule bearing on the matter?" To this futile query the Committee are bound to respond, and their very proper answer is as follows: "There is no rule on the subject. The conditions of the competition should have provided for such a contingency."

There are other questions submitted which show such a deplorable ignorance of the rules of the game, that one is astounded at the incompetence of the committees who solemnly send them up for decision. One would think that a few minutes' study of the Rules would obviate the waste of the time of the Rules Committee involved by such thoughtless procedure.

I have such a strong feeling of the value of the Rules Committee that I deplore the misconception of their true position, which seems to exist in the minds of many of the querists.

If committees of clubs continue to send in such idle queries, there is a danger that the Rules Committee and its authority may be brought into contempt. It is this danger which makes me write so strongly, for, in the Committee properly understood, we have one of the most valuable bodies possible. The proper method for committees of clubs to pursue when they are in any doubt as to the rules which they should draw up for governing a competition, or as to the local rules which they should devise for the peculiarities of their course, is to put themselves in communication with the Rules Committee, and having fully armed that body with the requisite knowledge to request their assistance in the matter. The Rules Committee will be only too pleased to give any assistance in their power to club committees approaching them on such subjects. In the matter of drawing up local rules they have always felt that it is part of their duty to advise clubs as to the best set of local rules suitable to the particular conditions of their courses.

If, therefore, the committees of new clubs, of which there are so many still being started all over the kingdom, would adopt this timely procedure, they would obviate any necessity for wasting the time of the Rules Committee in deciding questions which ought to be governed by local rules. It is quite impossible to draw up a general body of local rules. Such a thing is a contradiction in terms. But if the advice of the Rules Committee is sought by a club committee in drawing up their local rules, we may be sure that those rules will not conflict with the main body of rules, and will be as uniform as the conditions permit with those of other clubs who have followed the same wise course of action.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Deal: The New Championship Course

The third green on the Deal Links, which has just been added to the list of Championship Courses

By Field, Stream & Covert.

A Veteran Fox-hunter

When one is approaching the "three score and ten," hard knocks in the hunting field cannot be taken so lightly as in the days of one's youth, and Sir P. A. Muntz, one of the best-known sporting veterans in the Shires, finds that the effects of his bad fall last season are more lasting than at first appeared to be likely. Consequently, he finds it advisable to give up hunting, and is desirous of selling Dunsmore, his splendid place near Rugby, from whence he has seen much brilliant sport with hounds, for it is one of the most convenient hunting centres in England. Here Sir Albert Muntz has bred magnificent Shire horses whose reputation stands second to none. Here, too, he has been very successful as a breeder of Shropshire sheep. Riding from 16 st. to 18 st., Sir Albert held his own for thirty years as one of the finest heavy-weight horsemen in Warwickshire, and in 1883 he had the distinction of winning the Pytchley Hunt Point-to-Point Race over a severe course on his own horse, Sir Robert, who carried 16 st. 9 lb. Friends without number will be sorry to know that he will not be seen in future in his accustomed place at the covert-side.

Photo *Betts*

Sir P. A. Muntz

Who is disabled from hunting in consequence of the serious accident which he met with last season. For thirty years Sir Albert was one of the best heavy-weight riders in the Shires

The Attractions of Cornish Hunting

The fashionable crowd hunting over the big scent-carrying pastures of the Midlands know very little of the sport in distant Cornwall, yet it is here that fox-hunting of the most genuine kind can be enjoyed. The country is rough moorland in many places, but against that you may set the happy fact that scarcely a strand of wire will be encountered from one day to another. The crack professional huntsman is not necessary in Cornwall, for here the hounds are given a fair chance of hunting their foxes, and are not shamelessly over-ridden by the thrusting brigade. In other details, too, fox-hunting is stripped of all artificiality in Cornwall. The foxes

Photo *Gill*

The Four Burrow Hounds and their new Master, Mr. S. H. Christy, D.S.O.

This good Cornish pack opened the regular season on Nov. 12 with excellent prospects of sport

Photo] **MEET OF THE BICESTER HOUNDS AT COPREDY ON NOVEMBER 16: A HARD-RIDING FIELD** *[Topical Agency*

Many hard riders rode with the Bicester after the meet which is depicted above. [illegible] Heywood Lonsdale, a brilliant man across country and a popular M.F.H.

are straight-necked and stout, and give long hunting runs. It is just the right county for a keen sportsman who wants to carry the horn, and it is not surprising to find that the Masters of the various Cornish packs are their own huntsmen. The premier pack in the county is, I should say, the Four Burrow. These hounds were hunted by the Williams family for nearly sixty years, and came to hold a high position among the foxhounds of the kingdom, owing to the skilful hound-breeding and perseverance of Mr. John Williams. That veteran sportsman gave up the command a few months ago, and an excellent successor was forthcoming in Mr. S. H. Christy, who was formerly in the 20th Hussars, and saw active service during the last South African War, wherein he earned his D.S.O. The hounds opened the regular season in very promising style after meeting at the Four Burrows on the 12th inst., about a hundred supporters of the Hunt turning out to give the Master a good send-off.

General Archdale, C.B.
Who was one of the shooters at the recent Spaniel Club Trials

Bicester Hounds and Their Leaders

In the Bicester country everyone is agreed that the fortunes of the fine pack kennelled at Stratton Audley are safe in the hands of Mr. J. P. Heywood-Lonsdale, a grand light-weight rider and a worthy son of that famous Shropshire sportsman, the late Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale, whose name was known to all followers of hounds. The Bicester have always been fortunate in their leaders. Who, for example, could have wished for a better M.F.H. than the late Lord Chesham? His predecessor, Lord Valentia, was equally successful. The last-named has taken a prominent place in the world of sport not only by his fine form in the hunting field, but by his association with polo. Lord Valentia was one of the pioneers of the glorious galloping game in England, and to-day he fills a position which, in polo, is equivalent to that of the presidency of the M.C.C. in cricket. In other words, he is Chairman of the Hurlingham Committee, the governing body of the game. Farther back in Bicester history, we have such great names as John Warde, Tyrwhitt Drake, and Anstruther Thomson.

The Man Who Shot the Fox in Lord Leconfield's Country

Last week in these pages I described an extraordinary incident, the shooting of a fox which hounds were actually hunting. It is not always in the best interests of sport that these incidents should become the subject of discussion in the papers, and therefore I refrained from mentioning names and places. But it is now no secret that the occurrence was in Lord Leconfield's country. Mr. Walter Dawtrey, who tackled the vulpicide (who by trade is a blacksmith, I am told), was summoned by that unhappy individual for assault. As was to be expected, the verdict went against Mr. Dawtrey, but only technically so, as he was merely fined a shilling, and bound over in £5, the Horsham magistrates refusing to allow costs to the plaintiff. Whether selfishness, malevolence, or pure "cussedness," actuated the miserable outrage I cannot say. But this much is certain: the man who sets himself to exterminate foxes in his particular district is an enemy to the whole countryside, and one completely deserving of ostracism by his neighbours. He utterly ignores the fact that fox-hunting is one of the national sports of the country, causing many millions of pounds to be spent every year, which would not otherwise be circulated in England. Sympathy will be felt for Lord Leconfield, who spares no trouble or expense in maintaining the family pack at Petworth Park, where eighty couples are now kennelled.

A. W. C.

Walking up rabbits at Cannock Chase, Rugeley, Staffordshire, where the trials of the Spaniel Club were recently held with great success, attracting a record entry

Photo *Kiwis*

Lord Leconfield, M.F.H.
In his country recently a fox was shot in front of hounds. Reference to the incident is made in the accompanying article

Why Winter Abroad?

A WORD ABOUT BOURNEMOUTH, IN THE VICINITY OF WHICH THE KAISER IS TAKING HIS REST-CURE

BOURNEMOUTH, THE EAST CLIFF: THE CARLTON HOTEL

The true nature-lover is eternally at war with that too strenuous servant of utility—the builder. Occasionally, however, he is forced to admit that his foe has done his work exceedingly well—and such a case is undoubtedly that of Bournemouth. If the Evergreen Valley was a beauty-spot eighty years ago, when it was almost virgin in its purity from bricks and mortar, it is a beauty-spot to-day, though the builder has been busy on it for a generation. Few towns of England have been so lavishly praised for their natural and urban beauty as that which lies about the banks of the Bourne, and over the cliffs beyond. "The City of a Million Pines," "The Forest City," "The Mediterranean lounging-place of the South," are only a few of its pseudonyms. Its beauties, however, are not its only claims to our notice. More practical and to the point is it to draw attention — if attention need be drawn at this time of day—to its wondrous climate. It is *warm in winter*, and yet it is in England, not in Italy or Spain or Egypt. That the Kaiser Wilhelm has selected its vicinity for his rest-cure from a troublous illness is alone enough testimony to its European renown. Mild, balmy, bright, dry—what a catalogue of qualities to be claimed by this English place in an English winter! And let it not be supposed that because abnormally warm in winter it is also abnormally hot in summer. Bournemouth is *cool* in summer in exact proportion as it is *warm* in winter. As a centre of fashion, too, Bournemouth's claims are overwhelming. Where such spacious parades, such lovely gardens, such superb entertainments, such splendid drives (including, of course, the new Undercliff Drive, the first instalment of which has now been opened), such excursions, and, in fact, such universal opportunities to see and to be seen by one's fellow men and women? Where, again, in England, is the public served so splendidly by hotels? The selection of one of these is, to the visitor, always a puzzling task. The possession of a name is, often, the only criterion; and is it not probably the best, after all? When, for instance, an hotel rejoices in the name of Carlton, one thing is fairly preassured—that its proprietors will have about the highest possible standard of elegance, comfort, and refinement. The chances are that the Carlton, bearing such a name, will be the leading hotel in the place, and it is amply safe to say that Bournemouth's Carlton is worthy of its name. Situated in its own grounds, it faces the sea, on the highest eminence of the East Cliff. It is the latest of Bournemouth's hotels *de luxe*, dating only from 1903. Its situation is unique; the grounds are over an acre in extent, and beautifully wooded. Bracing air and all the available sunshine are assured by the situation; comfort, refinement, and epicurean satisfaction are assured by the nature of the accommodation and the conduct of the *cuisine*. In fact, the "internal arrangements" are, generally speaking, of the highest possible standard commensurate with a moderate tariff. Above all, the visitor is made to feel at home. Centrally situated for shopping and pleasure purposes, the hotel is easily accessible from the railway station, and the new lift railway, which is in course of construction on the Undercliff Drive, will deposit passengers at its gates.

THE GARDENS OF THE CARLTON HOTEL

The principal rooms face south, and are spacious and well proportioned. The sitting-rooms, and the majority of the bedrooms, face south or west, and command magnificent views over the sea.

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books of the Week

"The Lord of Latimer Street." By Jane Wardle. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)

"Ezra, the Mormon." By Winifred Graham. (Everett: 6s.)

"The White Rose Mystery." By Gerald Biss. (Greening.)

Miss Wardle's New Novel

Miss Jane Wardle wrote a decidedly clever novel in "The Artistic Temperament." Her second book, *The Lord of Latimer Street* (Alston Rivers: 6s.), is not quite so sparkling, but it strikes a somewhat deeper note. As in the former book, we are bidden to be interested in the psychology of the Young Man. In "The Artistic Temperament" the hero was weak-minded and unworthy; in *The Lord of Latimer Street* he is weak-minded and—worthy. Miss Wardle was satirical then; she is satirical now; but with stronger moral purpose. The interesting hero is one Lord Latimer, among other things an extensive slum-landlord. Stung by the taunts of philanthropic cranks and busybodies, that he attempts to do no good, he elects to disguise himself as a broken-down clerk, and takes lodgings in "Wallsey"—the slum of which he is chief owner. While there, he, in Quixote style, seeks to do good; he is repulsed. The net effect of his attempts to play the Lord Bountiful is best summed-up by Mr. Reeves (under whose humble roof the adventurer finds shelter):—

> 'Eans well. That's the curse of this blooming country. Everybody means well, nowadays, and the way they sets about it is mindin' every-one's business except their own, whether they likes it or not. An' then pattin' theirselves on the back for it.

As a result of unconsidered compliments paid to "Tilda," the daughter of the Reeves household, Latimer is suspected of being in love with her. The girl loves him desperately; Latimer is an honourable man, though a lord. How will he act? The reader is breathless to know. Miss Wardle scarcely rises to her task. She gets Latimer out of his self-sought dilemma by no more striking device than making him fall ill, and, while unconscious, he is discovered by his people and taken back to his home, Tilda being induced—for a consideration—to retire from the quest. The "Wallsey" chapters of the story are excellent; the pictures of slum life realistic. But Philip fails, rather, to excite interest as the story goes on. He is too vague and indecisive. One gets rather peevish with him, and is by no means sorry when his illness does get him back home to mamma, and safely away from love and sociology, subjects which are both entirely out of his line.

A Talented Novelist: Miss Winifred Graham

Whose new novel, "Ezra, the Mormon," is reviewed on this page

(From a painting by T. Holgate)

An Exposé of Mormonism

Though polygamy has long since been suppressed in Utah, the Mormon religion still sanctions it; there is, therefore, good reason to believe that plural marriages are still secretly celebrated in Salt Lake City. That being the case, Miss Winifred Graham can, no doubt, plead plausibility for the somewhat lurid *exposé* of dark intrigues, hypocritical rites, and vicious orgies, to which she subjects the Mormons who move in the background of her story, *Ezra, the Mormon* (Everett: 6s.) The story itself tells, chiefly, of the infatuation of an English girl, Thora Sutton, for a Mormon Elder, Ezra Dyer. So thoroughly does Ezra return Thora's love that he secedes from the "Faith" in order to be able to make her his bride. Vengeance of the Elders falls on Ezra for his apostasy, and he is duly murdered, while on a visit to London, by a supposed friend and fellow Elder, Sidney Sharp. The bulk of the story is a dissection of Thora's emotions under the stress of her infatuation, but much more thrilling are the concluding chapters. The murderer, Sharp, weds Nurse Baker, an Englishwoman, who duly accompanies him to Salt Lake City. To her surprise and disgust, her husband, once in Utah, announces his intention to marry another woman, and induces his wife to connive at the ceremony. She does so, but only in pretence, and as a prelude to taking her own revenge. The latter chapters are particularly thrilling, and the suggestion that such enormities continue to flourish in a civilised land is well calculated to make the British flesh and blood respectively creep and boil.

Mr. Biss's New Novel

Mr. Gerald Biss has promptly followed up his success, "The Dupe," with yet another sensational novel, *The White Rose Mystery* (Greening). This tells us of a startling Jacobite plot, with assassination as its chief means of expression, in which a large section of the aristocracy are involved. One member of the Cabinet after another is removed, and the police, as usual, find themselves quite unable to probe the mystery. The only clue is that to the corpse of each victim is attached a white rose. When the assassins are brought to heel, they are discovered to be some of the highest persons in the land. The occasion of their discovery is their failure to accomplish the death of one Earl of Ben Nevis, engaged to the heroine of the story, Lady Sabina. If anything, the story is even more thrilling than "The Dupe." Its action is intensely dramatic, and the mystery admirably sustained to the last.

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The tragic death of Major-General Sir Henry Colvile cast a gloom last week over motoring circles. Scarcely a motorist but has, at some time or another, been within an inch of a violent collision, and everyone felt that a similar accident might just as easily have befallen him had he been at the ill-fated Heatherside Corner at the psychological moment. It is true that the evidence at the inquest showed that Sir Henry Rawlinson, who was driving from Blackdown Barracks to Ascot, slowed his car down to between six and eight miles an hour, and left 10 ft. 10 in. of room of road for anyone to pass when he got to the corner, but evidently Sir Henry Colvile did not hear General Rawlinson's horn, while the high hedge effectually prevented his seeing the car till it was too late to avert an accident. In this particular case, Sir Henry Colvile was evidently not only riding at a reckless rate of speed, having regard to the proximity of cross-roads, but was on the wrong side of the road. It is useless to speculate on the reasons that led him to be on the wrong side, though it is possible he had intended to take the turn down the road whence General Rawlinson was coming. Who knows? By the irony of fate he was killed by the motor-car of one of his oldest friends, and it is far from unlikely that he had made up his mind to pay a call on him at Blackdown Barracks. This, at least, would explain his being on the wrong side of the road at a spot where, under ordinary circumstances, anyone would be careful to keep to the left side.

Car-icature—No. LII.:
The Earl of Dudley

A great sportsman and lover of both motor-cars and horses. Was one of the most popular Viceroys in Ireland of present times. Is a great traveller, and President of the Ranelagh Club

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

But the real danger of these cross-roads is brought into prominence by this very sad occurrence. The country roads in Great Britain absolutely bristle with these death-traps. The marvel is that there are not many more fatal accidents than actually occur, for I defy any motorist to drive for any distance without taking risks of collision with something coming out of a side road. It is not feasible to expect that every motorist should lower his speed and put on his brake each time he comes to cross-roads, unless he wishes to take a turn to the left or the right, as the case may be. In nine cases out of ten, when going straight ahead, he thinks that to sound his horn is a sufficient precaution. But is it? Suppose one motorist is travelling from north to south, and another motorist is travelling from east to west? And suppose they meet on the cross roads at the same moment? A collision is inevitable unless they have heard one another's horn, which I should say from experience is improbable, or have both slowed up to greatly reduced speed, also improbable. I repeat that practically every motorist, whenever he sallies forth, is really staking his life and the lives of his passengers against the chance of meeting another car at cross-roads crossing the same identical spot at the same instant. I don't know what the odds are against the coincidence, but no one will deny that the danger is growing with the increased number of cars on the roads.

Heatherside Corner, where Sir Henry Colvile was Killed

General Colvile was proceeding on his motor-bicycle as shown by the arrow. Sir Henry Rawlinson, in his motor-car, was turning the corner, as shown by dotted line. Owing to the high hedge on the left, it was impossible to see what was round the corner, and thus Sir Henry, being on the wrong side of the road, was unable to avoid the collision with General Rawlinson's motor, which resulted in his death

* * *

In the Colvile case I was glad to see that the jury suggested the cutting of the high hedge that

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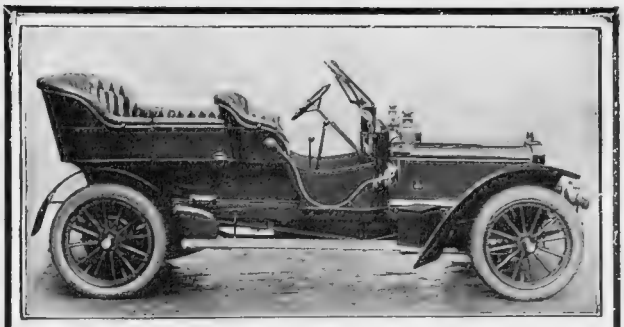

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prevented anyone seeing along the cross-roads. It is earnestly to be hoped that not only will the authorities at Frimley follow out the jury's recommendation, but that local authorities in other districts will take similar precautions. High hedges, or anything else, which obstruct a clear view where there are cross-roads, should not be permitted. In fact, the whole question of the highways and public roads in Great Britain demands urgent reconsideration by the Government, for the present arrangement of roads in the country generally, set between banks surmounted by high hedgerows, is exceedingly dangerous now that motor-cars have become universal. More and more does the necessity arise for a Traffic and Highways Board which will recognise that motors, having come to stay, require an alteration of the old system; sharp corners and high hedges at danger spots need to be swept away, together with other cobwebs of roads maintenance.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Car-icature—No. LII.: The Right Hon. the Earl of Dudley, G.C.V.O.

Lord Dudley, the subject this week of our Car-icature, is one of those fortunate beings whose chances of distinction have come while still the "liquid dew of youth" ran in his veins. He was only nineteen when his father's death left him the possessor of large estates, including valuable colliery property. He became Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, and five years later was in South Africa on the staff of Lord Roberts. On his return he succeeded Lord Cadogan as Viceroy of Ireland, and in that capacity goes down to fame as "the most popular Viceroy Ireland has ever known." During his reign at Dublin Castle he twice entertained the King, and his lavish hospitality and charming personality, while it brought down upon him the accusation of extravagance—a very pardonable sin in a Viceroy—yet gained him unequalled popularity. Politically, he distinguished himself by the moderation of his views, his propitiatory attitude towards the Irish, and an inclination "to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas." Keen on sport of all kinds, he has of late years taken with avidity to motoring; but even the delights of the car have failed entirely to wean him from his older favourites—bridge and golf. He married Miss Rachel Gurney, and has just become the proud father of twins.

* * *

Miscellanea

Brooklands Motor Course, Weybridge, was the scene of Hampton and Sons' second Motor Sale on Wednesday last, when upwards of thirty cars were brought to the hammer. With night-like gloom hanging over London and the suburbs it was surprising that so large and appreciative a gathering faced the auctioneer. There was a feeling that many bargains were obtained by the purchasers, but satisfactory business was done, very few lots apparently being without support.

The Automobile Association, during the Olympia Show, welcomed their 5,000th member, the gentleman who gained this distinction being Lord Vernon. The A.A. is evidently going very strong, as nearly 400 new members were elected only last week.

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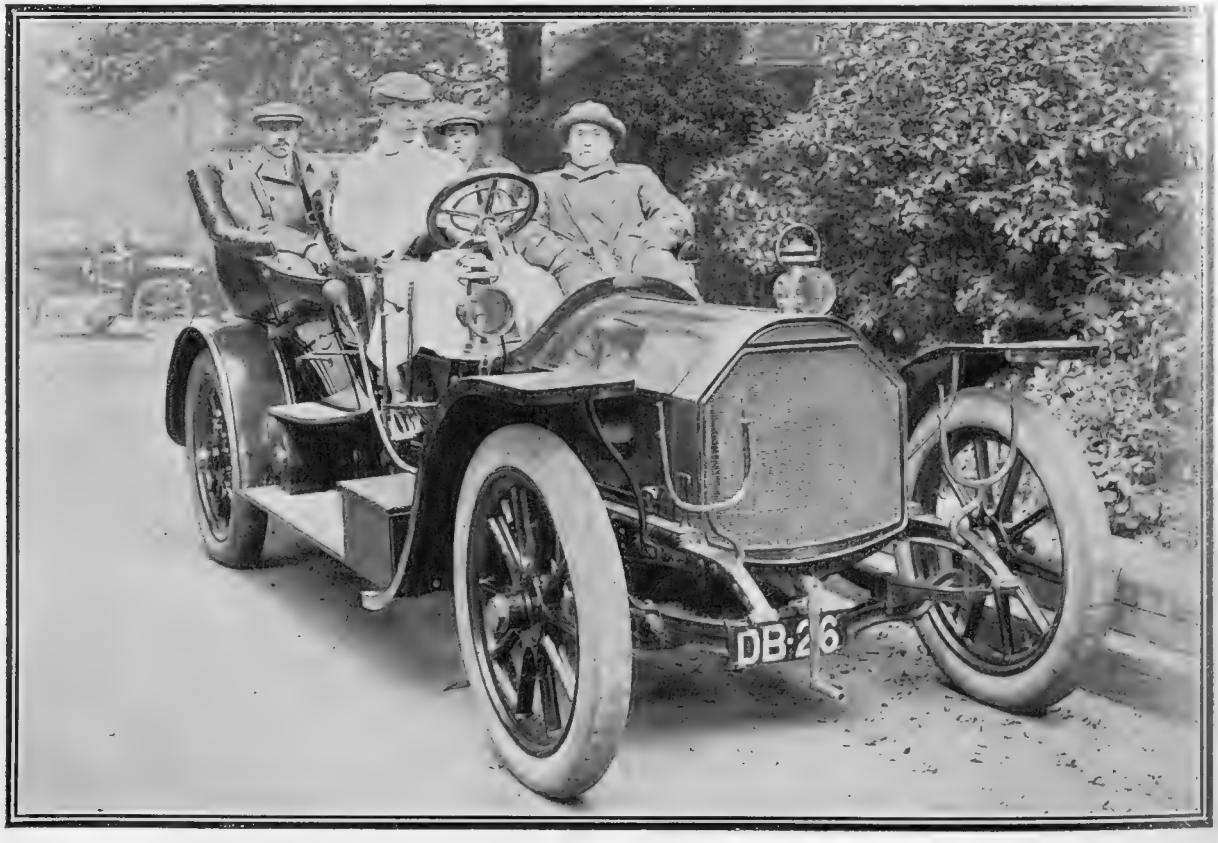

Lord Vernon, the 5,000th Member of the Automobile Association

The photograph shows Lord Vernon seated beside Mr. Henry Hollingdrake, the well-known motorist, on the front of that gentleman's 35-50 h.-p. La Buire car that won the Manchester Motor Club Hill Climb at Bill-o'-Jacks on September 28 last

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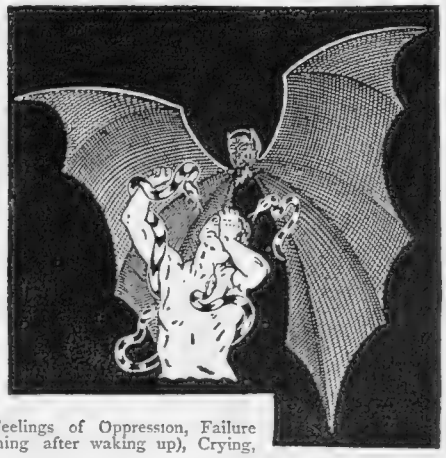

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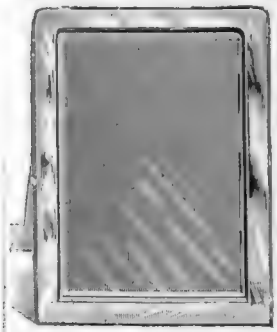

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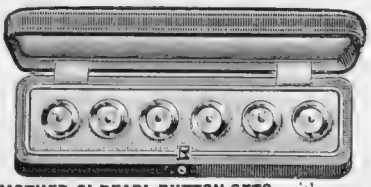

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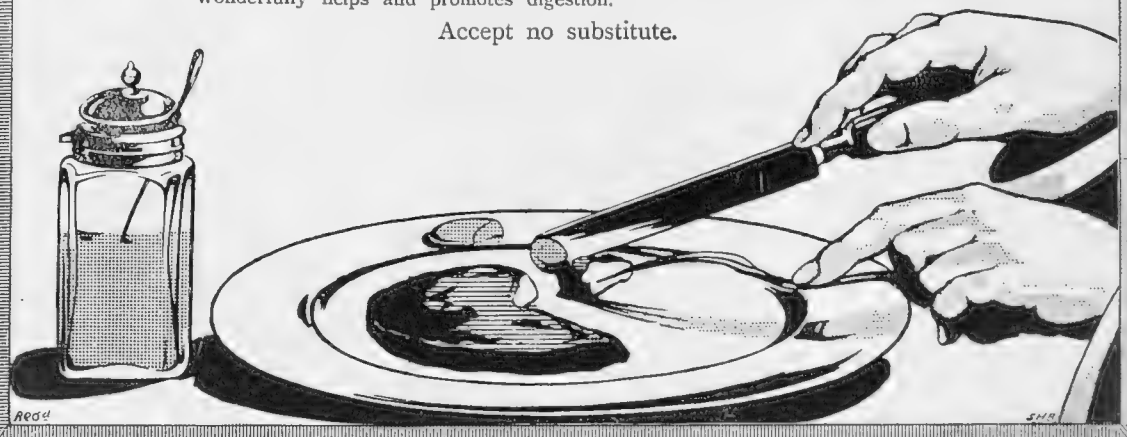

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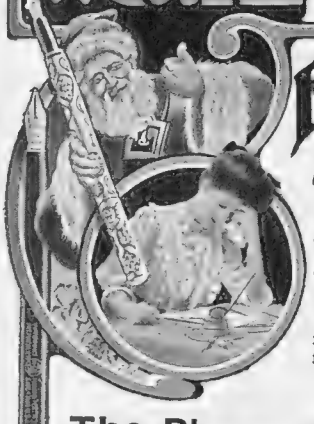

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ROWING

The Cambridge Trial Eights

There can be no doubt about the thoroughness with which the work of selecting the crews for the Cambridge trial eights has been performed, for the two crews which raced at Ely on the 28th represented the pick of upwards of seventy men (including coxswains) who had been tried since practice commenced on October 22. In spite of the fact that he rowed both in the Colquhouns and the Fours, the President, E. W. Powell, has given unremitting attention to the work, and has been well backed up by D. C. R. Stuart, the secretary. In the two eights as finally constituted, five of last year's trials-men again found places, and a sixth, F. G. Hudson (Jesus), would probably have been rowing if he had been fit. Another man who was not rowing, but is well in the running for his Blue, is the Freshman, E. G. Williams (Third Trinity), late captain of the boats at Eton. The colleges were represented as follows: First Trinity and Trinity Hall by four men, Jesus by three, and Third Trinity, Christ's, King's, Lady Margaret, and Caius by one each. The Hall also supplied the two coxswains. Of the two strokes, F. H. Jerwood (Oakham and Jesus) and G. B. Lloyd (Leighton Park and First Trinity), the former, besides having rowed in the trials last year, had more recently won fame as stroke of the winning Jesus crew in the Fours a few weeks ago. Of the race itself there is not much to be said, as Jerwood's crew proved a good bit the better. They got nearly half a length's lead in the first minute, and at Day's farmhouse were clear. Here Lloyd made a determined effort to get on terms, but the leaders were much better together, and Jerwood, by quickening slightly, easily held his own, and, drawing further and further away in the course of the last mile, won by two lengths and a half. The winners rowed so well together that it is difficult to single any one of them out for individual praise; but it may be said that the heavy men in the middle of the boat, besides showing good form, worked hard and fairly pulled their weight. In the losing boat, Lloyd, though he worked tremendously hard, failed to keep his men as well together as his rival, and whenever a spurt was attempted the rowing got short. About the best man in the boat was O. A. Carver (Charterhouse and First Trinity), the runner-up for the Colquhoun Sculls.

Two Distinguished Critics

S. D. Muttlebury and Guy Nickalls discussing the race

FOOTBALL—RUGBY UNION

The First R.U. Trial of the Season

Owing to the rule by which "aliens" are excluded from the International trials, the combined team which represented the 'Varsities against the Midland Counties in the first of the Rugby Union's trial matches on Wednesday last was not really representative of the full

Photos

G. B. Lloyd's Crew

Dixon

F. H. Jerwood's Crew

The race was rowed at Ely on Thursday last, and was won by Jerwood's crew by two and a half lengths. Jerwood was stroke of the winning four, Jesus, in the Fours a few weeks back

strength of Oxford and Cambridge, for, by the rule, Macleod, Davies, Cunningham, Martin, and several others, were barred. Still, the prevalent opinion was that the 'Varsities would win. As a matter of fact, they were rather lucky in making a draw of one try apiece. Six of the eight forwards were supplied by Oxford, and the fact that the Oxford pack are not wholly to be depended upon was again clearly shown. Sometimes they appear to be irresistible; at others they are just the opposite, and this was one of their "just the opposite" days. In fact, they were so completely held by the Midland eight, who surprised everybody by the excellence of their scrummage work, that the backs were kept mainly on the defensive, and this incidentally served to show that they were quite reliable in this department of the game. Indeed, it was the spoiling of the halves, Flemmer and Godby, and the good tackling of the centres, Tarr and Eberle, and the back, Heads, which saved the side from defeat. In attack, Wright, the Cambridge wing three-quarter, was about the most dangerous man on the field; he scored the 'Varsities' only try. The Midlands' try was scored by Oldham, of Coventry, as the result of a forward rush; but Kirk, the Nottingham half-back, would have got another if he had not lost the ball when actually over, while Mobbs and Cooper were more than once only pulled up in the nick of time. Altogether, considering the weather and the state of the ground, it was a good game.

The Coming 'Varsity Match Discussed

Nearly everybody seems to think that Oxford are going to win the 'Varsity Match next Tuesday, and so they ought to; but it is sheer nonsense to look upon the result as a foregone conclusion, or to say, as I have heard it said, that Cambridge is one of the worst University sides ever turned out, or that there is not a better team in England than Oxford. As a matter of fact, both are good teams, and their records prove it. Oxford can be very good indeed, as they were against the United Services and the previously unbeaten Edinburgh Academicals; Cambridge have improved a lot since their overwhelming defeat by the London Scottish, and, moreover, they have in Macleod such a great player that he is quite capable, given a few opportunities, of winning the match on his own, or at any rate with the help of Wright. The scoring power of these two is quite equal to anything that Oxford can show. Oxford, however, seem to have a decided pull at half-back, and this, if the forwards play up to their true form, ought to turn the scale in their favour.

THE COMING WEEK'S WEATHER.

December 4 to 10

Wed.	Generally overcast, with wind and slight showers. Lunar halo at night.
Thurs.	Finer, but somewhat unsettled, with probable showers.
Fri.	Cloudy morning, overcast and unsettled at night, but finer during the day.
Sat.	Generally cloudy to overcast and dull, with brisk wind occasionally.
Sun.	Overcast in the day, and unsettled night.
Mon.	Overcast in the morning, but fine and variably cloudy with some sunshine during the day; overcast at night, with probable showers; windy.
Tues.	Generally overcast, with occasional slight showers.

HOCKEY

Hampstead, the Invincible

By their victory by 3 goals to nil over Staines on Saturday, Hampstead still further vindicated their claim to the leadership among Southern clubs. Whilst their two great rivals, Southgate and Staines, have declined slightly in power this season, Hampstead have risen, and the acquisition of J. N. Burn, the International, and the Blues, J. H. Gunner and R. H. Preeston, has increased the temperature of an already hot side. I don't believe that even their most ardent admirers expected them to beat Cambridge last Saturday week, but they did it, and if they always play as well as that and keep at full strength, they are quite likely to preserve their unbeaten record through the season. Cambridge, since their match with Hampstead, have hardly been doing so well as before it. On Saturday, although they beat the Old Rossalians and got through eight times, they also had six goals scored against them. Oxford, though still in the experimental stage, are improving, and F. G. Mirfield is developing into a very fine forward. They beat Oxfordshire by 2—1 on Saturday. One of the best of Saturday's performances was that of Richmond in beating Molesey, 3—0; Blackheath and East Sheen drew at 2-all; Wimbledon beat Surbiton by a goal to nothing; and Mid-Surrey beat Ealing, 6—5.

THE WEEK'S WEATHER, Dec. 4 to Dec. 10

By Hugh Clements

The atmospheric conditions will be generally unsettled, with a variable temperature in the South of England, but will be finer as they proceed North, especially in North England, North Ireland, and Scotland, where it will be colder. The maximum air-waves will be confined to the Channel and as far North as the South Midlands and South Wales, and will pass and cause disturbance in the early morning.

On the 5th, the barometer will fall slightly from its position on the 4th, but will rise on the 6th, and keep higher on the 7th, falling again late on the 8th and 9th, and rising on the 10th.

A seismic wave will pass over England on the 5th or 6th, which will be arrested by the narrow channels in South Lancashire, Wales, or East Essex, causing earthquake shocks in one of these districts. A similar wave will pass over the West Indies simultaneously.

N.B.—Our readers will note that Mr. Clements, who has been forecasting the weather for the last six weeks, has been absolutely correct in his prognostications.

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WARING'S

Near Oxford Circus, W.

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The small creative faculty in woman, where dress is concerned, is a dangerous thing. To create, it is necessary to be big or nothing at all. And oh! ye stiff-necked and stubborn young feminine generation, how much longer shall we have to inveigh against the ugly pose recently adopted, which starts with the dregs of the Gibson bend and concludes with an Edna May coiffure and any sort of a hat plastered low down on the back of the head? The irritation set up within me at the spectacle of this type of girl is becoming dangerously near exploding point. And she has her prototype in the other sex—specimens mostly found in her train, arrayed in coats bound to an aggressive depth with braid, and narrow, straight-brimmed bowler hats. Much commiseration should be granted those of us who are so temperamentally poised as to feel acutely the influence of these wholly wrong inartistic impressions. They really cause active suffering; and, alas! a prophetic vision gives little hope of the feminine aggressor being convinced of the evilness of her ways this side of the Spring.

Mauve and Red

That this blend is more or less an anachronism is frankly admitted. But, nevertheless, such are the colour opportunities of the day, one is fain to grant it the verdict of *chic*. A millinery display at a renowned West-End house the other day emphasised the trend with considerable favour, and, judging by the amount of attention it attracted, there is every likelihood the nucleus of a phase was serenely inaugurated. Open to criticism as this alliance is from a strictly artistic point, we have, nevertheless, nature's own authority to go on. Take, for instance, the dahlia, of recent memory, the gradations from mauve to red are delightfully subtle and invariably pleasing.

Then another debatable mingling of shades is Empire green and pale *nattier* blue. More than once lately have I met this under reliable auspices, otherwise I might have failed in courage to report on it. In one instance the green found expression in corduroy velvet arranged in one of the favourite high-waist long coats, with a suspicion of blue introduced in embroidered collar and narrow vest. This was worn with a long, clinging skirt of cloth, accompanied by a grey satin hat, plumed with blue uncurled ostrich and marabout feathers.

An evening coat of Liberty satin in this lately revived *vert* again is charming, lined with pale blue and ornamented down the front with masses of knotted gold cords and tassels. While anyone in doubt as to a relieving touch for a black gown is seriously advised to consider this Empire green, used sparingly, but, at the same time, with decision.

Hunt and County Balls

From the highest quarters we may accept the dictum of white and silver as a leading evening seduction. An embroidery, carried out in silver bugles and beads, starting in a continuous line at the hem and gradually tapering off up the skirt, on a groundwork of white satin, the corsage just simply swathed about the figure below a drapery of tulle, creates a gown that could do no wrong. There is, let me say, considerable art underlying these apparently simple bodices, always in the best favour among women who possess jewels. For these embroideries an ordinary soft-finished satin is considered preferable to an Orient. There has, during the recent Royal

Photo *Reutlinger*

A charming débutante costume of white net, trimmed Liberty satin, the bodice relieved by silver and gold embroideries